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# THE GRAPHIC.

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The scheme which has lately been sanctioned for the defence of Chitral includes the raising of a corps of levies 200 strong armed with Snider carbines. An amusing incident occurred with the first squad that was being drilled at Mirkanni. Seeing a British officer approach, the Instructor, a Havildar of the 29th Punjab Infantry, warned his men that he would call them to "shoulder" as a salute to the Sahib. This, however, was

not enough for the genial Chitralis. As they passed the officer each in turn raised his disengaged left hand with a smiling "Salaam, Sahib." The Havildar, at first speechless with wrath, was left instilling into the Chitrali mind the relative positions of "Sahib" and "howker" (servant) and the paragraphs in the regulations on "Compliments."

FOR THE DEFENCE OF CHITRAL: AN INCIDENT IN DRILLING THE NEW LEVIES

DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD



## Topics of the Week

Getting Ready

SOUTH Africa is taking quite an European appearance in one respect; it is fast becoming "an armed camp." Every day telegrams pour in, mentioning this or that augmentation of the "resources of civilisation." In the case of the British garrison, this increase is more prospective than present; it will not become a reality until the reinforcements now under orders at home and in India and elsewhere are set in motion. But the Boers have already made large progress with mobilisation, while there seems good reason to believe that they have secured ample supplies of arms and ammunition for a prolonged campaign. They also distinctly threaten to invite the natives in the Transvaal to help them against the other white race; that, and nothing less, is the meaning of the clause of the new Grondwet which subjects "coloured persons" to compulsory military service. All this shaking of the fist may be mere bluffing; Mr. Kruger is a fervent believer in the efficacy of that diplomatic method. But he must be even more dull-witted than some of his English critics make him out to be if he does not recognise the danger of prolonging the strain. When armed men face armed men, with passion and hatred in their minds, any chance incident may precipitate a collision. Mr. Kruger would be wise to come to terms without farther delay by frankly accepting the "irreducible minimum."

Champion and Martyr

AN astonished world may well ask what will be the end of the *Affaire Dreyfus*? The miserable exhibition made by General Mercier in the witness box had provided sufficient matter for wonderment, without its being swiftly followed by the attempted assassination of the accomplished advocate who had done so much on behalf of the accused officer. Conjecture loses itself in the effort to guess the authorship of this detestable crime. Me. Labori had rendered himself, it is true, a *persona ingrata* to the anti-Dreyfusards, the anti-Semites, the General Staff, the Clericals, and all other factions interested in preventing re-trial. But to saddle one or another with attempted murder could only be justifiable if conclusive evidence were forthcoming. As regards the conspiracy to overthrow the Republic and replace it by a Monarchy, there seems to be no doubt that the former acquittal of the egregious Déroulède, in spite of his own boastings of guilt, encouraged him and his friends to continue their plotting. As vanity-ridden as Boulanger, if a little more respectable, the poet-patriot relishes greatly the applause of the mob. He can strike an attitude, more or less heroic, at a moment's notice, provided he can make sure of sympathetic spectators. The real danger to the Republic does not lie, however, with frothy weaklings of this stamp, but with the Army. At present the rank and file look to be loyal enough, but if called upon by their commanders to elect between obedience to the military and civil powers respectively, it is by no means certain that professional feeling would not dominate civic duty.

Coming Nearer

ALTHOUGH there seems to be no longer any doubt that the bubonic plague has reached Oporto, it is quite possible that it will halt at that very unsavoury city. All its stopping places since it first started from Hong Kong have been insanitary in the highest degree. The native bazaars at Bombay and Poona, the conditions of life at Mauritius and Madagascar, the vile pollutions of Jeddah and Alexandria—when the plague reached these places it found the very aliment on which it lives and thrives. Medical science knows very little about this most mysterious of epidemics, but it has got hold of one hard fact, at all events. Like Asiatic cholera, plague must have congenial surroundings to strike deep roots, and those are present or absent in proportion to the amount of attention bestowed on sanitation. Now, therefore, that the "Black Death" has reached the European Continent, our multitudinous "authorities" should set to work, quietly but energetically, with measures of precaution. An end should be made, once for all, of river and well pollutions and of defective drainage.

Which are the Better Men?

IN their net result the Test Matches between England and Australia furnish a strong argument for playing these games to a finish, for the result of five meetings has been to leave the question of supremacy at the Imperial game unanswered. The "ashes of cricket," as Mr. Punch called them, still lie where Stoddart's team left them, in Australia, but he would be a bold man who should say, in England at any rate, that the Colonials have this year decisively proved themselves better cricketers than those of the old country. The match at the Oval and the match at Lord's may fairly be set side by side. In one England was fairly outplayed, in the other Australia was hopelessly overshadowed. Apart from these two matches were the drawn games at Nottingham, Leeds and Manchester, one of which England was fairly sure to have lost, and two of which Australia could hardly have saved. On paper this gives

England the lead in the Test Matches of the year; but fortunately for the interest of the best of games, cricket results very often contradict paper form; and the Australians without doubt feel justified this year in ignoring it. However, it is certain that whether the governing body of cricket decides to lengthen the time of play for Test Matches, or whether it institutes some means of keeping down the runs and shortening the duration of innings, something will have to be done before the Australians come again.

## The Court

THE QUEEN'S stay at Osborne is nearing its close, but Her Majesty still has a large party of relations with her in the Isle of Wight. Prince Christian-Victor has arrived and the Duchess of York has left, her children remaining behind to accompany the Queen to Scotland. There have been a good many other visitors at Osborne, chiefly to dinner, and the Queen's private band has played nearly every evening before Her Majesty's guests. One night, also, Madame Marie Brema and Mr. Bispham sang, and several of the local residents were invited to hear the concert. While the Queen keeps to her usual drives the Princes and Princesses frequently go out for a cruise, quite a large party taking a trip one afternoon in the *Victoria and Albert*. The party included the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Prince Arthur and the Princesses Margaret and Victoria of Connaught, Princess Henry of Battenberg, with Princes Alexander, Maurice and Leopold, and Princess Victoria of Battenberg, the Duchess of York, with Prince Edward and Prince Albert, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. Princess Christian remained behind and went for a drive with the Queen.

On Tuesday evening the Queen visited the annual show of the Whippingham Cottage Garden Society, held in the picturesque grounds of the rectory. Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Duchess of Connaught, and was met at the lawn by the rector, the Rev. Clement Smith (Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen) and Mrs. Smith. Several of the exhibits were brought to Her Majesty, who remained seated in the carriage, and manifested much interest in the exhibition, the side of the show tent being removed for her better view of the excellent collection of flowers and vegetables.

The event of the week at Osborne, however, was the Queen's review of the Hampshire Infantry Volunteers. Originally Her Majesty intended to inspect them in their temporary camp at Ashy Down, Sandown, where the Duke and Duchess of Connaught had previously paid them a visit. But as Her Majesty feels the heat so much it was decided to avoid the long drive, and to bring the Volunteers to Osborne instead. Accordingly they marched to the Royal grounds, where, after being supplied with refreshments, they awaited the Queen in review order. Her Majesty drove up with Princess Christian, the Duchess of Connaught, and little Prince Edward of York, the Duke of Connaught riding by the carriage, while the other Princesses followed in a second carriage. A Royal salute greeted their arrival, and when the Royal party had drawn up at the saluting base the Volunteers marched past, first in companies, then in quarter-columns, advancing in review order. The Queen was very much pleased with the appearance of the men, and warmly complimented the Brigadier-General, General Creighton, remarking that she hoped the men would not suffer from their long march in the hot sun. The officers commanding the various brigades were then presented, and three cheers for the Queen closed the ceremony as Her Majesty drove away.

Her Majesty has signified her intention of being present at the fête to be held at Carisbrooke Castle in aid of the restoration fund of the Newport Parish Church. Princess Henry of Battenberg and other members of the Royal Family will be present, and judging from the programme, the entertainment will be most interesting. There is to be a cycle carnival and gymkhana, a gipsy encampment, tableaux vivants, and two grand concerts. In addition to these attractions, Mr. George Alexander's company will give a performance of *The Repentance*, by John Oliver Hobbes. The festivities will wind up with a military torchlight tattoo at 9.15 p.m.

One more Royal charitable function in the Isle of Wight is to be recorded—the opening of the new "Battenberg block" of buildings at the Royal National Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Ventnor. The Queen deputed Princess Beatrice to perform the ceremony on her behalf, the Princess having two years ago laid the foundation-stone of the new buildings in memory of her husband.

Probably the German Emperor's visit to the Queen will take place about November 15, when Her Majesty has returned to Windsor from Balmoral.

Both the Prince and Princess of Wales are now abroad, and will not be home again till late next month. The Princess and Princess Victoria went off on Monday morning, crossing by special boat from Dover, where crowds assembled to cheer them on their departure. They travelled direct to Munich and thence to Woerischhofen, near Bayreuth, where they are staying at the Hotel Victoria. Later they go to Denmark for the usual family gathering. Princess Charles of Denmark has not accompanied her mother, but stays at Sandringham for the present. The Prince of Wales is much enjoying his stay at Marienbad, where he has many English friends. He is out on the promenade early every morning to drink the waters, being under the care of Dr. Ernest Ott. On returning home he goes to Scotland for the shooting, staying both with the Queen and with the Duke and Duchess of Fife. The Duke and Duchess of York will also be in the Highlands at the same time, although they go north a little earlier. The Duke of York has begun his shooting already, as he joined the Marquis of Ripon at Studley Royal, Yorkshire, for the twelfth, and has enjoyed excellent sport on the Dallowgill Moors. He is now staying with the Duke of Devonshire at the Hall, Bolton Priory, to shoot over the Wharfedale Moors. In her husband's absence the Duchess is on a visit to Lady Katherine and the Hon. Henry Coke at Longford Hall, Derbyshire. Lady Katherine is a very old friend of the Duchess, having been Lady-in-Waiting to her mother, and now fulfilling the same office to the Duchess herself.

The spot where the late Tsarevitch died in the Caucasian forest is now marked with a simple wooden cross above the hollowed-out stone containing the blood which flowed from the dying Prince's lips. Ultimately a handsome chapel will be erected. The spot is a regular place of pilgrimage, members of all races flocking there to pray for the repose of the Prince's soul. He was much beloved in the neighbourhood, as he was most kind and charitable to those around him. It is an open secret that he was morganatically married to the daughter of a Caucasian Prince, and had several sons—a boon denied to his brother, the Tsar.

The Royal Family of Italy are one and all devoted to sport. Thus the Prince and Princess of Naples, during their recent stay at the North Cape, shot fifty reindeer, while the Princess was especially fortunate at seal-hunting. Once she had a narrow escape from a white bear, which came quite close to the Princess, but was skilfully killed by one of her companions. King Humbert is enjoying first-rate sport among the chamois and bouquetins in the Savoyard Alps near Valsavaranche. This chamois hunt only takes place once a year, and lasts three days.

## Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

DURING the Conferences of Bordeaux, Cardinal Mazarin found himself in a carriage with three leaders of the opposite party. "Who could have foreseen a week ago that we four would to-day ride in the same carriage?" he exclaimed. "Oh," replied the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, "everything happens in France." Those words were spoken two hundred and fifty years ago, and the criticism is as true to-day as it was then.

It is impossible to resist telling a story which at one time was much quoted. A Russian was praising England and the English, and ended by exclaiming "C'est une nation sublime." This somewhat annoyed a Frenchman who was present, who added—quoting Napoleon—"Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas." "Yes," answered the Russian, "Le fas de Calais."

A writer has contributed to a newspaper a satirical article on the new nobility of Great Britain. He emphasizes the fact that most of the modern peers have been directly or indirectly connected with trade, commerce, or finance. English satirists from time immemorial have made merry over this matter.

Lord Beaconsfield made Mr. Millbank say in "Coningsby"—"Ancient lineage! I never heard of a peer with an ancient lineage. The real old families of the country are to be found among the peasantry: the gentry, too, may lay some claim to old blood. But a peer with an ancient lineage is to me quite a novelty. No, no; the thirty years of the Wars of the Roses freed us from these gentlemen. I take it, after the battle of Tewkesbury, a Norman Baron was almost as rare a being in England as a wolf is now." That, of course, was intended to be an exaggeration, but it contains just sufficient truth to make the passage witty.

In "Self-Help" Mr. Smiles has written: "The great bulk of our peerage is comparatively modern, but it is not the less noble that it has been recruited to so large an extent from the ranks of honourable industry. The Earldom of Cornwallis was founded by Thomas Cornwallis, the Cheapside merchant; that of Essex by William Capel, the draper, and that of Craven by William Craven, the merchant tailor."

"The founders of the families of Dartmouth, Radnor, Ducie, and Pomfret were respectively a skinner, a silk manufacturer, a merchant tailor, and a Calais merchant, whilst the founders of the peerages of Tankerville, Dormer, and Coventry were mercers. The ancestors of the Earl of Romney, and Lord Dudley and Ward, were goldsmiths and jewellers, and Lord Dacres was a banker in the reign of Charles I." Mr. Smiles gives many other instances, but those which have been quoted suffice to show that the British peerage has for centuries been recruited from the ranks of finance, commerce, and trade.

Mr. Herbert Weld-Blundell, whose expedition recently travelled across Abyssinia, and penetrated through the Soudan to Khartoum, has devoted most of his life to exploration and excavation. Several months ago, on his return from Abyssinia, he decided to defray the expenses of an expedition on a somewhat large scale, and together with Lord Lovat he started early in the year. As both Mr. Blundell and Lord Lovat are experienced men of the world, it is probable that they have acquired information with regard to Abyssinia which may be useful to the Foreign Office. It is to be hoped that they have and that the Foreign Office will attend to it, for it should be one of the main aims of the British Government to cultivate the friendship of the Emperor of Abyssinia.

It is time that Parliament should be called upon to sit during the autumn and winter months instead of in the summer. It is not reasonable to require a number of men, most of whom are not young, to transact serious business in the middle of midsummer nights. Any board of directors which adopted that plan would be regarded as being mad, and the members would be requested to resign. The business of the State is much more serious than that which any board of directors has to transact, and if it is to be wisely conducted the sittings should be held in the forenoon and afternoon in the autumn and winter months. That is a reform which will not long be delayed.

It is astonishing that not a single railway company has as yet experimented with the new system of wireless telegraphy. It may be that the instrument is so delicately constructed that the vibrations of the train would interfere with its action. This, however, has to be seen. Moreover some plan might be devised for moderating the effect of the vibrations on the instrument. It would be a great step in advance were it possible for stationmasters and signal-men to communicate with the guard or engine-driver of an approaching or receding train at any point, and might be the means of preventing accidents.



An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

THE public has been much puzzled concerning the contradictory statements in the National Portrait Gallery report, and the replies given in the House of Commons, which replies Sir Michael Hicks-Beach admitted to appear "ludicrous." I may explain the strange imbroglio, and the stranger reply. In the first place, the sudden withdrawal by the National Portrait Gallery trustees of their expressed desire for Wilkie's portrait of the Queen was owing to Her Majesty's personal dislike of Wilkie's likeness of her; and in the second, her presentation of Sir George Hayter's picture—that which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1840—was not the curious coincidence which it has been represented to be. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's other statement—as to the portraits of Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria—was the result of a blunder, for his remarks were directly contrary to the assertion of the trustees and of the notorious facts of the case. I may add that these two portraits will shortly be seen at the Gallery on loan, when the public will be able to form its own judgment. The admission by the Government as to the inadequacy of the annual grant is a great point gained, but the suggestion of competition between the Portrait Gallery and the National Gallery is not the least "ludicrous" part of the business.

So much interest is being shown in the preparations for Great Britain's display of art at the Paris Exhibition, and as a consequence, in the constitution of the Fine Art Sub-Committee, that I accede to a request to print here the names of the members. Colonel Jekyll, as chief Commissioner, and the Marquis of Lorne, as President of the Fine Art Committee, have seats *ex-officio*; Sir Edward Poynter, as President of the Royal Academy, is chairman; Mr. Eaton, Secretary of the Royal Academy, honorary secretary; and the remainder are composed of Mr. E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A., as President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours; Mr. E. J. Gregory, R.A., President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours; Sir Wyke Bayliss, as President of the Royal Society of British Artists; Mr. Fred. Short, R.E., in the place of Sir Seymour Haden, President of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers; Mr. Lorimer, R.S.A., in place of Sir George Reid, President of the Royal Scottish Academy; Mr. William Emerson, as President of the Royal Institute of British Architects; Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., painter; Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., painter; Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., painter; Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., sculptor; Sir William Agnew, and two others, whose names need not here be particularly specified.

The election of Professor Herkomer, R.A., to the Professorship of Painting in the Royal Academy Schools, in succession to Sir William B. Richmond, resigned—as a protest, it is understood, against the lack of sympathy shown by the Academy in the matter of the St. Paul's decoration—has significance in pointing once more to the very wide influence exercised by the members of that body upon the art-teaching of the country. For example, we see that quite apart from collateral control by Academicians in their systematised "visiting" at private and semi-private schools all over London and the home counties, &c., one member—Professor Herkomer—is a link between Burlington House and the important teaching establishment at Bushey, while a dozen more, as examiners for the Science and Art Department, have great active weight in what is often supposed to be a rival institution in the art-teaching of England.

In all respects "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid" is worthy of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, its designer, and far more representative a work, as a national possession, than the "Arthur in Avalon," which was at one time recommended for acquisition. It is therefore earnestly to be hoped that the outstanding amount of 2,500*l.* will speedily be subscribed in order to secure it for the Tate Gallery. The sum of 4,000*l.* has already been collected; and it would be a national calamity if the "Burne-Jones Memorial Fund" failed to obtain the relatively small additional subscription needed to acquire the picture from Lord Wharfedale's trustees. At present, Burne-Jones is an absentee from Millbank—which fills every foreign visitor with surprise and every English visitor with regret.

The revival of the Cromwell's statue controversy in the House of Commons renders it perhaps useful to explain that, admirable as is Bernini's bust of the Protector as a work of art, it is certainly not a good likeness as judged by the most authoritative of the known portraits. In this respect, the statue recently modelled by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, as a commission from a certain noble but nameless patron, will be all that could be desired. As long ago as 1845 Doyle drew a statue of Cromwell between those of the two Charleses—and not one of the three looked comfortable; Gilbert & Beckett pointed out that other English rulers—Richard III., John, and Henry VIII., for example—had been far greater malefactors; while in his cartoon Leech, inspired by Henry Mayhew, showed Cromwell met at the door of the Parliament House by the Prince Consort, who puts his head out and says, in the words of the then famous popular song, "It's all very well, Mr. Cromwell; but you can't lodge here." Time has had his revenge, and Cromwell now lodges, or is about to lodge, both within the House and without it.

All those who care for the most refined and subtle expression of ancient art should pay a visit to the Gold Ornamented Room at the British Museum, in order to examine the cream of the collection of "Marlborough Gems" which have been acquired for the nation, partly through the generosity of Mr. Charles Butler. The decorative ingenuity with which the engravers have availed themselves of the coloured strata of the sardonius for the securing of their effects, the charm of conception and sentiment, the fine quality of the work, the taste and beauty of the encircling mounts and frames, to say nothing of the historic interest of the portraits, all combine to render these objects extraordinarily attractive even to those who have no expert knowledge as collectors or connoisseurs. The examples belonging to later periods down to Renaissance times are certainly not less charming and hardly less fine.

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DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

FROM A SKETCH BY D. MACPIERSON

The meeting of Academicians of all nations in honour of Vandyck took place at the Cercle Artistique, Antwerp, on Sunday. The meeting over, all the Art Ambassadors marched in procession through the streets to the master's statue, where the ceremony of placing wreaths in commemoration of the tercentenary took

place. Special floral tributes sent by the Emperor William and President Loubet were deposited by the German and French Ministers to Belgium.

THE VANDYCK TERCENTENARY CELEBRATIONS AT ANTWERP: THE DECORATION OF THE MASTER'S STATUE





FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER

an experience is unique in the history of British regiments on the line of march. The most perfect discipline was maintained, though the circumstances must have been as trying as troops are likely to be called upon to go through.

perfectly appalling. After striking and overturning the Maxim gun, the lightning seemed to run up and down the column of men, flash succeeding flash for upwards of an hour or more, picking out individuals, striking them to the ground, and rendering them temporarily unconscious. Such

The 2nd Battalion of the Clifeshire Regiment, while on the march from Limerick to Thurles to join the force detailed for the Irish autumn manoeuvres, suffered severely from a thunderstorm. When the battalion was near a place called Rays Cross a storm broke which is described as

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

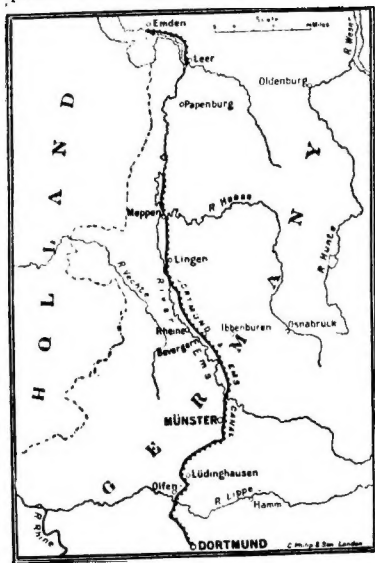
A UNIQUE EXPERIENCE IN THE BRITISH ARMY: A REGIMENT STRUCK BY LIGHTNING WHILE ON THE MARCH



## The Canal System of Germany

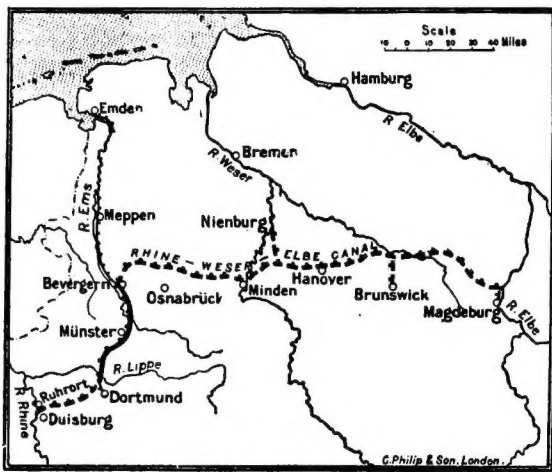
### THE DORTMUND-EMS AND RHINE-ELBE CANALS

THE Dortmund-Ems Canal, which the German Emperor formally opened last Friday, is an important part, but still only a part, of a great scheme for opening up Germany by means of waterways.



THE DORTMUND-EMS CANAL  
Opened last week by the German Emperor

Emden, and utilising the River Ems for a part of its length, it passes through Münster, in Westphalia, and at present terminates at the Westphalian village of Herne, situated 27½ miles from the Rhine. The connection with Dortmund is formed by a branch, nine miles long, which leaves the main canal at Henrichenburg. When the work on this canal was started, in 1891, the Ems above Papenburg would not accommodate boats of much more draught than 4ft. 5in., and carrying from fifty to seventy-five tons of cargo; whereas vessels of 600 or 700 tons burden will now be able to proceed direct from the North Sea to Dortmund, or *vice versa*. There was some idea at first that the canal would be of great advantage for the conveyance of coal and coke from Westphalia to Emden and beyond; but the collieries are mostly situated some distance from the canal, and as the coal is of a quality that will not stand too much handling, it is expected that the railway will still be chiefly utilised for its conveyance. As regards the iron industry, however, it is certain that large quantities of ore which have hitherto been shipped to Dortmund by way of the Dutch ports will now go direct by the new canal. Timber supplies from the Baltic will also reach Westphalia more readily than before while a very important branch of the traffic is expected to be found in grain from Eastern Germany. Altogether the canal is expected to give a considerable impetus to the industries of this part of Germany, while in the opinion of the British Vice-Consul at Papenburg it "will have a distinctly favourable influence upon British shipping."



THE PROPOSED RHINE-ELBE CANAL

This scheme in connection with the Dortmund-Ems Canal is shown by a dotted line

The Dortmund-Ems Canal is of still further importance by reason of the fact that, taken in conjunction with the Rhine-Elbe extension shown in our second illustration, it would form a link in a great chain of waterway communication which would stretch right across Germany, connecting, in an almost direct line, the Rhine, the Weser, the Elbe, the Oder, and the Vistula. The connection with the Rhine by continuing the Dortmund-Ems Canal from its present terminus would be a comparatively minor affair, while the second section is now provided in that part of the Dortmund-Ems Canal which lies between Herne and Bevergern, to the west of the Teutoburg Forest. The really serious business is the section branching off from the Bevergern to the Weser and thence *via* Hildesheim to Wolmirstedt, on the Elbe. From the Elbe to the Oder and thence to Bromberg on the Vistula vessels would proceed by waterways already in existence. Altogether, therefore, there would be a continuous series of canals or rivers stretching right across Germany from west to east, communicating directly with those of Holland on the one side and Russia on the other. The Rhine-Elbe Canal, constitutes the chief missing link in this great network of internal water communications, and the German Emperor, as before stated, is strongly in favour of this link being supplied. If his "inflexible determination" can avail anything the work will soon be pushed forward in spite of the fact that the project is strongly opposed by the Agrarians, who are afraid that the project will injure their interests by affording greatly increased facilities for the importation of foreign agricultural and timber supplies.

## The Vandyck Celebrations at Antwerp

By M. H. SPIELMANN

THERE is something powerfully attractive in the spectacle of a whole nation joining to do homage to one of their heroes of peace—something seductive, too, in the justifiable pride with which they summon the rest of the world to rejoice with them in their celebration of that refinement, intellectual and executive, which stamps the consummate point of civilisation. This tribute marks at once the appreciation and gratitude of those who esteem Art and its mission, and explains the great gathering in Antwerp of men of all countries who constitute so influential a portion of what is known as "the art world."

I suppose that the greater number of these men regarded as a little childish, perhaps, the ceremonies, the processions, and the like that have made up the programme; and saw in the Exhibition not only the chief, but the only, item of real significance and importance, with its pictures hitherto unknown and its canvases collected from the European Continent as well as from English galleries. Yet these festivities were in reality very pretty and appropriate, exemplifying that power of art which is so gently exercised yet so widely and so firmly established. The attendance of King and Ministers of State, the ceremonial of municipal officers, and the presence of art-ambassadors from various lands at the grand inauguration of the Exhibition; at the unveiling of the new mural paintings at the Hotel de Ville; the "solemn sitting" at the Cercle Artistique of the Academic Body in Vandyck's honour; the profound and elaborate homage paid to him before his statue; the *fête champêtre* in the company of the Royal Harmonie Society, the grand street processions that cost thousands and were well worth the money for the skill and taste with which they illustrated "Art throughout the Centuries; the wonderful symphonic concert; the visit to the Musée Plantin-Moretus, and the grand final reception, constituted a very great tribute, for all these things are not in their sum the trivialities that utilitarians pretend. On the contrary there has been dignity in the whole proceedings, an appeal from the past to the present, which could scarcely have been bettered. As in Cimabue's day, the streets have paid their tribute to the Master—the people have acclaimed his genius—and that, after all, was what the nation most desired and have gloriously succeeded in accomplishing.

Social celebrations done with, we may turn our attention to the artistic, the collection of pictures. Even had it been possible, the complete gathering of Vandyck's work would not have been desirable; rather, I submit, from fear of repetition of effects than from any inequality in the master's work; indeed, I doubt if any painter of his eminence ever maintained in the works of his own hand so high and steady a level of excellence as Vandyck. But let it be remembered that Vandyck, who began serious study at the age of ten and was acknowledged a master at nineteen, died at the early age of forty-two, having put forth not fewer than 1,200 pictures during his brief career—an average of fifty-two pictures a year! Of course, we know that he was a lightning worker, and that he had a studio full of clever pupils who painted pictures from his sketches that only received, and were expected only to receive, his finishing touches—for such was the acknowledged habit of the time. And we know furthermore—as Mr. Law has again latterly proved, that some apparently undoubted and well authenticated Vandycks were painted and even signed by other artists.

But in the collection at Antwerp we have examples of all kinds—examples that offer few opportunities for animadversion. We have important works of his early years in the fine altar pieces, Holy Families, and the like, that still adorn in not a few cases the churches and convents for which they were originally painted. We have exquisite specimens of his skill at the time when, having set out from Antwerp on the horse which Rubens gave him, he arrived in the course of time at Genoa, and painted at the Superb City the Genoese patricians in his newly altered manner. This Italian period is fairly represented with portraits from the Italian Courts; but far better and more completely is his art reflected in the grand series executed by him in England when, in 1632, this fine, almost dandy and entirely proud and haughty young gentleman-painter, quitting the Courts of Italy, France, Brussels and Holland, transferred the allegiance that so many wooed, to the still more generous service of Charles the First. He shows us here the gentlemen of every country in which he sojourned—always gentlemen, though sometimes somewhat effeminate with their fashionable grace; he has given us the elegance of the great ladies of his time, now pert, now languorous, always refined to the ultimate point; he has given us children, painted with a lightness, beauty, quaintness and love which none has ever surpassed; but he remains, after all, *par excellence*, the painter of Charles the First—the Man of Destiny—proud, distinguished, handsome, obstinate to the point of stupidity. But on these last qualities he has touched with the discretion of a courtier, and has left a face which has haunted the world for two hundred and fifty years.

It is needless here to mention even the principal pictures that are comprised in the wonderful collection at Antwerp, nor to particularise the etchings and drawings that constitute so remarkable a section of the exhibition. England has done her share, freely and nobly, in her contribution to the main success, and Englishmen who visit the gallery to see so much that will be new to them, will

delight in meeting once more the masterpieces which have frequently shed a lustre on the Old Masters' Exhibitions of the Royal Academy. The Queen and many aristocratic owners have lent some of their finest works, with a result that might appropriately be described as dazzling, and which is not less fascinating to the historian than to the lover and student of Art.

## The "Leda" and the French Trawler

A VERY regrettable incident occurred last week. The British gunboat *Leda*, at about midnight on Tuesday, discovered a French trawler fishing in British waters off Dungeness, and signalled to her to stop. The trawler, which was called the *Etoile de Mer*, and came from Boulogne, made off under all sail. The *Leda* gave chase, and after firing some blank cartridges at her to bring her to, Lieutenant Maud, the officer in command of the gunboat, directed that ball cartridge should be fired, so as to damage her rigging. At length the trawler was boarded, when it was found that one of her crew, who had been steering, had been shot in the head and



THE FRENCH TRAWLER "ETOILE DE MER"

killed. The trawler was towed into Folkestone, and an inquest was held on the body of the fisherman. The master of the trawler stated in evidence that he and his men did not understand the signals of the gunboat, and that when the shot was fired that killed the fisherman the boats were only about two yards apart. But Lieutenant Maud and several other witnesses said that the trawler made most persistent endeavours to escape, and that the chase lasted over an hour. The boats were over sixty yards apart when the ball cartridges were fired. The jury brought in a verdict of "Accidental death," and exonerated the officers of the *Leda* from all blame, at the same time expressing sympathy with the relatives of the unfortunate fisherman. Before the inquest was held the master of the *Etoile de Mer*, Jules François Dellatre, was charged at the Folkestone Police Court with fishing within the three miles limit, and with resisting capture. He was fined 10s., or the boat would be detained. The gear would be destroyed. For resisting capture he was fined 5s., or in default would go to prison for fourteen days. Our illustrations are from photographs by A. Lormier, Boulogne.



THE CREW OF THE TRAWLER "ETOILE DE MER"



The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

ONLY a whistling boy, and yet that urchin has changed the entire aspect of the Bystanderian column for this week. It was to have been so scholarly, so practical, so dignified, so instructive—but that idle youth whistling outside my window a tune that I have not heard for some years has shunted my thoughts on to a more frivolous line. The air which he pertinaciously forces on my notice appears to be one that was given in the burlesque *Joan of Arc* done ever so long ago at the Opera Comique and called, if my recollection serves me, "Round the Town." So, as everybody appears to be holiday-making just now, and I cannot stop that whistling boy, I will adopt his air to new words and sing you a little song called "Out of Town."

Now everyone is rushing right away,  
And London's getting empty, so they say;  
The streets are dull and torrid and everything is horrid,  
With nothing to induce you here to stay.  
The stations now are crowded to excess  
With flyers from the smoky wilderness;  
Who block up all the wickets and clamour loud for tickets,  
By "scursion," or by "parly," or express!

Still drifting in the twilight, weaves poems in its shy light—  
The weir still sadly sings through summer night!  
Out of town! Out of town! Where your face will get delightfully brown,  
As you list, and take your ease, to the music of the trees,  
And you feel so very lazy—out of town!  
But I must not sing any more! Besides, the Whistling Boy has just changed his tune, which makes it rather awkward for me. I will move on!

We are very slow in London in adopting a good idea. It is many years ago since the proposition appeared in *The Graphic* with regard to the utilisation of the roofs of London houses. In the article alluded to it was pointed out how much better the air and the light were at that altitude, and with the addition of judicious glazing, how admirably these spaces might be utilised for studios, children's nurseries, playrooms, and gardens. Indeed the writer most clearly demonstrated the enormous waste of valuable space there was in London by neglecting the improvement alluded to. He showed that the advantages of the scheme would be so great that one would have thought the idea would have been at once seized upon by any one having a flat roof to his house, and that the erection of sloping roofs would be speedily discontinued. Such, however, was not the case, and, save in a few instances, the excellent suggestion was not adopted. In Mr. Wyndham's new theatre this idea is likely to be carried out on an extensive scale. When people see this it will probably convince them how excellently the system might be applied to private houses, and they will find

Our Second Photographic Supplement

We issue to-day the second supplement containing some of the prize pictures and a selection from the others sent in at the recent *Graphic* competition for amateur photographers. There are two pictures here which illustrate the great difficulty under which a photographer labours when he forsakes seascape and portraiture and attempts the higher flights of figure composition and pictorial story-telling. One of these, "Happy Childhood," represents a number of little waifs leaning over a rail, and all are grinning. The photographer would have scored a greater success had he endeavoured to picture the gallery of a theatre and called his work "The Gods," for in that case the children would have been made to look downward as if their gaze were concentrated on the stage below them, instead of staring at the camera and making the picture commonplace. The great difficulty is in finding models who can act up to the photographer's aims, and who are in other respects suitable. The other picture where this difficulty is less strongly marked, but still apparent, is "Two Strings to Her Bow." The suggestion is a good one, but it is certain that an artist with brush and palette would have carried it out very differently. It would be an interesting experiment, and one which, we believe, has never been tried, for an accomplished artist, a good photographer, and a few first-rate actors to combine in order to work out a few subjects of this kind by means of the camera. Mr. S. Anderson's picture, "The Mouth of the Gareloch,"



The London Polo Club, whose headquarters are at the Crystal Palace, has this season given the public some fine displays of polo playing. Not only have there been two or three matches a week with first-rate teams and good club games in the afternoon, but the club has successfully organised a number of members' matches (Red v. White) by limelight on Saturday evenings.

A NOVEL EVENING ENTERTAINMENT: POLO BY LIMELIGHT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

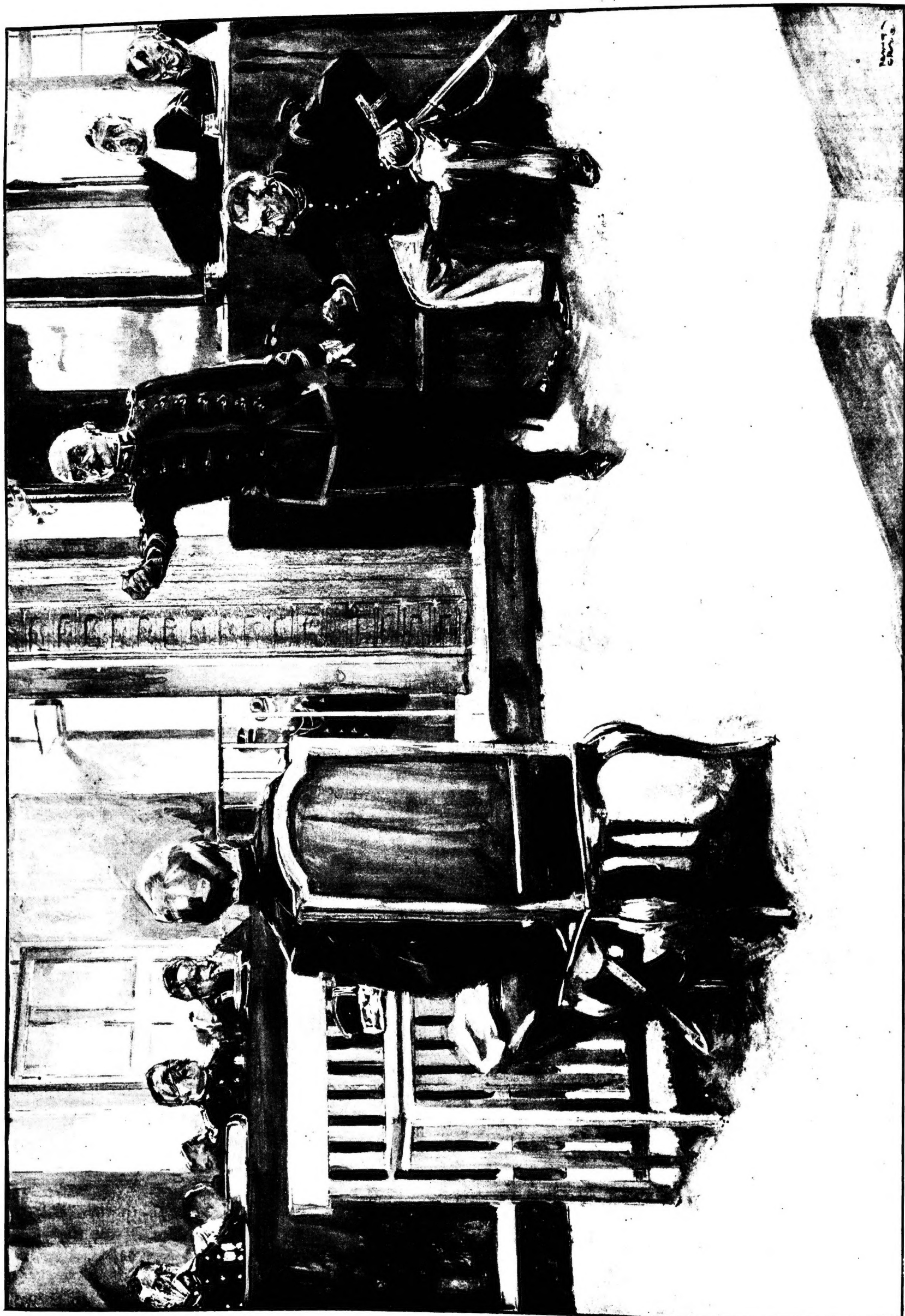
DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

Out of town! Out of town! Now ev'ry one is anxious to run down  
To the ocean or the stream, where they're glad enough to dream,  
For they find it mighty pleasant—out of town!  
Some clad in deftly fashioned summer suits,  
And revelling in Russian russet boots,  
Are starting in a hurry, with Bradshaw and with Murray.  
Well furnished, too, with "circulars" from Coutts!  
All Switze land they're bound to scamper through,  
And countless peaks and passes will they do.  
With climbing most quixotic and language po'ytotic,  
Where mountains whet gleam bright against the blue!  
Out of town! Out of town! How dull care, then, most carefully they'll drown  
And they'll think it very nice to shin up a wall of ice,  
With their crampons and their bâtons—out of town!  
But others love to wander by the sea,  
With briny breezes blowing fresh and free,  
Along with merry maidens, to listen to its cadence—  
When sighing on the sand in minor key!  
The best thing, I assure you, ever known  
To benefit your spirits and your tone,  
Is charming girlish chatter, mid melody of clatter  
With sunshine and light laughter and ozone!  
Out of town! Out of town! O charm of girful trees and of gowans.  
As we wander on the sands, or we nod to brazen bands  
And we feel a great deal better—out of town!  
The Thames, we find, is still beyond all praise  
With all its witching charm and waterways!  
Where willows shade with beeches its backwaters and reaches  
And make them quite ideal spots to laze!  
We find the dear old River, ever bright,  
The early swim as ever, pure delight!

what a valuable property they have lost by many years' neglect of an admirable notion. Indeed, seeing the importance that the highest portion of a house will now attain, flat roofs should be the rule rather than the exception throughout the metropolis.

Another danger has arisen for dwellers in London and the suburbs which requires immediate consideration, and that arises from balloons. Only recently we have had an instance of the risk run by dwellers in the suburbs. Strictly speaking, I believe a balloon descending in private grounds is a trespass, and if that trespass is accompanied by damage to person or property it becomes a very serious matter. Whether a freeholder has any property in the sky immediately above his land is a very nice question, which lawyers would probably like to see argued at length. Meantime, it would be satisfactory if something could be done to prevent our chimney-pots being unceremoniously swept away and to put a stop to aeronauts dropping into dinner unexpectedly, or jumping on your new hat, or bruising your head when you are quietly taking an afternoon crawl in your own private garden. This is a matter that we can afford to treat as a jest as long as it does not happen to ourselves, but I imagine the gentleman who, the other afternoon, found a balloon hanging on his chimney pots, while its flapping silk obscured the view from his windows, and uninvited guests were suddenly precipitated in his favourite flower bed—considered the circumstance anything but humorous. It would be as well, considering the possibility that ballooning may any day become more general, to agitate for new laws that may control the movements of the balloonatics of the future.

is one of those subjects which the camera is able to render most faithfully, but these yachting scenes are by no means easy to catch. Sometimes one can get a rapid shot at a boat as she passes a pier head, but to get anything like a certain result a steam launch for chasing these "white wings" must be employed. One well-known professional photographer, who devotes himself to this class of work, may often be seen in the Solent rapidly following up the yachts which he wishes to photograph in a launch, which is specially fitted for the purpose. Mr. E. R. Ashton is well known as an amateur who has done much excellent work in Eastern lands. He was a prize-winner in one of our former competitions, and we now reproduce an admirable picture from his camera—"Evening Near the Pyramids: Approaching Dust-Storm from the Desert." Mr. Ashton has photographed the scene at a moment which most amateurs would have considered most inauspicious for the work, for it is the custom to photograph the Egyptian monuments in the most scorching sunshine. The Swiss scene by Dr. Mazel is another picture which is satisfying to the eye by reason of its admirable composition. Here amid mountain scenery is another field where the camera reigns supreme, but it is not often that distance and foreground are so well linked together as they are here. An admirable piece of work is Mr. Seymour Conway's Exeter Cathedral. Mr. Conway's name has long been associated with advanced photography in this country, and he has been an earnest student of its chemistry, as well as a skilled exponent of its pictorial powers.



DRAWN BY FRANK CRANG.

General Mercier, who was expected to make all sorts of revelations, when called upon to give evidence, only said, "I am sorry to hear of the death of the poor man, but I cannot say anything more." At the conclusion of a long statement, which was accompanied by little but a sorry figure as a witness. "At the conclusion of a long statement, which was accompanied by little but a sorry figure as a witness."

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

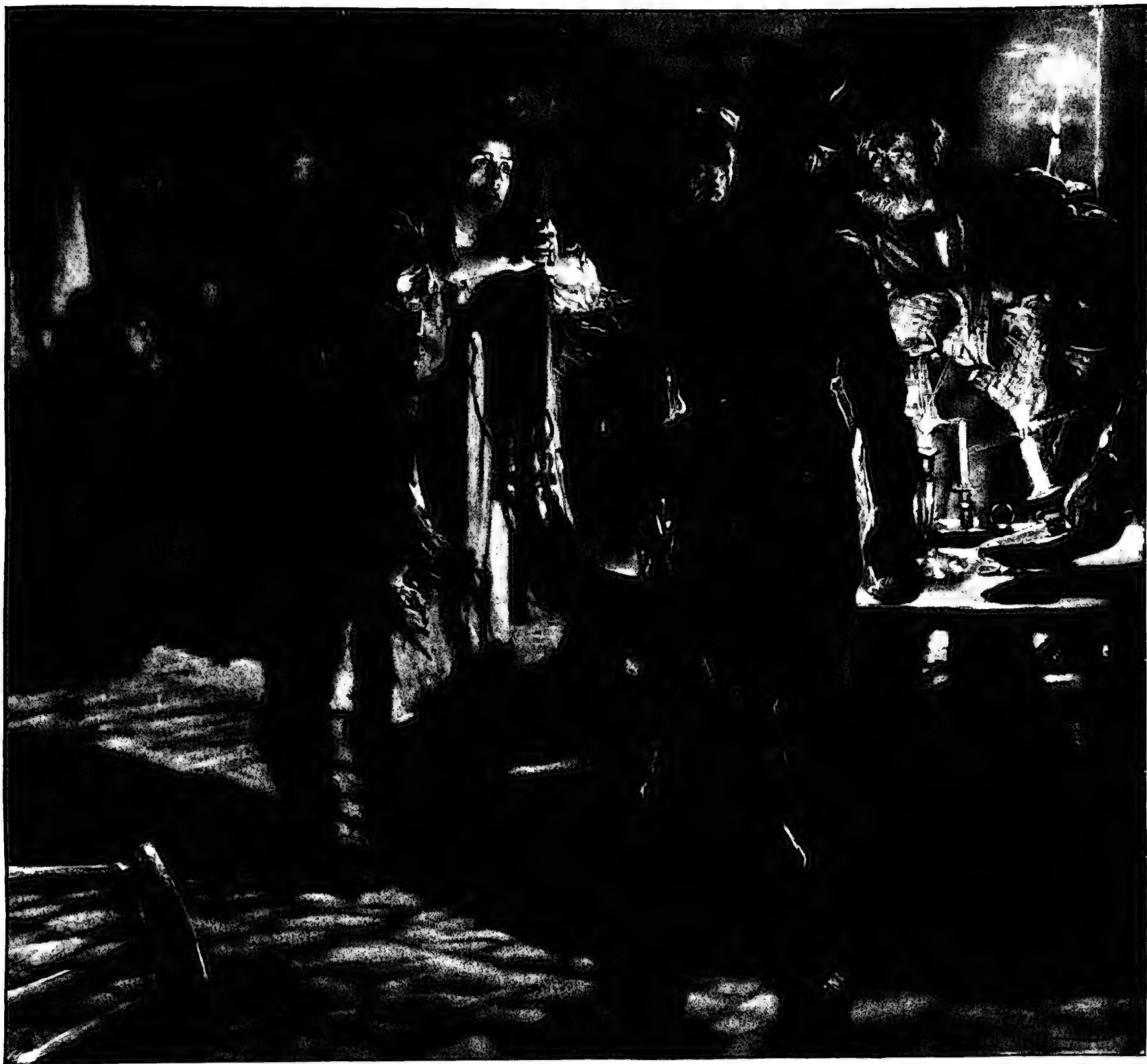
gondarmes, on his left, however, seized him by the arms and compelled him to sit down. The scene caused intense excitement in court, and it was with difficulty Colonel Jouhaux obtained comparative silence.

you, and to say before you, I have been mistaken in my judgment. On the 10th of December, 1894, I was called upon to give evidence, and I said, "I am sorry to hear of the death of the poor man, but I cannot say anything more." That is what you should say. Applause. The captured

you, and to say before you, I have been mistaken in my judgment. On the 10th of December, 1894, I was called upon to give evidence, and I said, "I am sorry to hear of the death of the poor man, but I cannot say anything more." That is what you should say. Applause. The captured

you, and to say before you, I have been mistaken in my judgment. On the 10th of December, 1894, I was called upon to give evidence, and I said, "I am sorry to hear of the death of the poor man, but I cannot say anything more." That is what you should say. Applause. The captured





*"Clasping her hands, standing before the men who had entered, she entreated, 'Tell me, where is she? What has become of her?'"*

## WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### CAST FORTH

JANE MARLEY was roused from her sleep before dawn by the sound of someone entering the house. Then she heard the door being locked and barred, and a heavy tread was on the stair.

She knew at once that Captain Rattenbury had returned, earlier than he had proposed, and she had been prepared to expect, and at ease in her mind she laid her head again on the pillow for sleep. But not an hour had elapsed before she again heard a hand on the door, followed by loud knocking.

She paused awhile, expecting the master of the house to respond; but as he did not do so, she opened the casement and asked who caused the disturbance.

"We want Job Rattenbury," was the imperious reply.

"He is abed, asleep."

"Open the door!"

"I will call him—the house is his, not mine."

"The fox is awake, never doubt."

"Who are you?"

"King's service men. Now will you unbar?"

"I will call the master. You must have patience till I slip into my clothes, and can light a candle."

Some words were whispered outside the house, and in obedience to orders a couple of men went about the cottage to guard the back. The moon had now set; it was dark.

Jane was not ready for some time. It took long in those days, before the phosphorous match had been invented, to light a candle. Flint and steel had to be struck till sparks falling ignited tinder. Then a sulphur match had to be applied to the smouldering fire,

and when the match blazed then only could the wick be ignited. It was for this reason that usually a rushlight was kept burning in every house. Burglars might break in and plunder it before the master could get light by which to see them.

It was true that ashes still smouldered on the hearth in the kitchen. Jane had heaped them up purposely before going to bed, so as to save her the trouble of striking a light in the morning, with the inseparable risk of skinning her knuckles, but she did not have recourse to the embers: she deemed it advisable to detain the men without as long as possible, so as to allow the master time to secrete anything he desired to conceal before the servants of the Crown were admitted.

But before she was ready to go to the door, his tread was audible on the stair; he descended leisurely, and as she entered the kitchen with a candle, she saw him with towzled head, rubbing his eyes and half clothed.

"Jane," said he, "who are these disturbing me in the night?"

"The gaugers," she replied.

"What do they want with me?" he asked.

"They are outside—ask them. How should I know?"

He undid the bars and turned the key.

"So!" said he. "What is your business here at this hour?"

"We must search your house."

"Have you a warrant?"

"No—we do not require one when the scent lies strong. The drag leads this way."

"I do not demand one. Come in. For what are you in search?"

"Oh! you know well enough," said the officer in command, entering. "There has been at least one cargo that was to be dispersed to-night, but the rascals have snuffed us, and have slipped

away. We shall catch them yet. But as a preliminary we will look for their tracks here. If they have taken to their heels they cannot have carried off their burdens. They must be deposited somewhere. You confounded old rogue, who are at the bottom of it all, we shall not let you off if we can find a thread of rope by which to hang you."

"It is a little dark for finding such a thread," said Job. "Jane, light all the candles in the kitchen to assist the gentlemen. There is a pair of horn spectacles of my grandmother's I can lend the officer."

Suddenly Mrs. Marley cried out—"My child! Winefred! Where is she!"

She had discovered that her daughter was not in her bed. She had vanished.

"Where is Winefred?" cried the mother, forgetting everything in a paroxysm of maternal anxiety. "Captain Rattenbury, where is she?"

"How the deuce should I know?" answered he angrily, "I am not a nurse."

"Where is Winefred?" cried the woman again. She ran distractedly to the door, and called into the darkness, repeating her child's name. She waited, listened; no answer. She came back to the preventive men. At first she thought that, frightened by the noise at the door, the girl was hidden in the house, or had run forth at the back, and she felt the bed. It was cold. It could not have been left recently.

Clasping her hands, standing before the men who had entered, she entreated, "Tell me, where is she? What has become of her? Have you taken her? Did you suppose she could have told you anything?"

"My good woman," said the officer in command of the search

party, "We know absolutely nothing of your child. We have not seen her. Do not disturb us now. We have our duties to attend to, and cannot look after runaway wenches."

The men dispersed through the house. They sought on every side. They sounded the walls, tapped on the floors, but could detect no signs of a place of concealment. One man took a candle and examined the hearth, he called for a besom and swept it. He tried the light up the chimney and struck the bricks with a hammer. All in vain.

"What is in that cabinet?" asked the officer, indicating the oak wardrobe clamped with brass and iron.

"You are welcome to look," answered Rattenbury. "It is not locked. Old clothes. Are they contraband?"

One of the men threw open the doors and revealed the ranges of garments; he swept them aside. "Women's gear," said he in a tone of vexation.

"I may husband my wife's old suits without your leave," retorted Captain Rattenbury.

"No liquor anywhere?" asked the officer.

"Yes, a flask of Schiedam for my own consumption," sneered Job. "You will find that under the seat in the window. I will not begrudge you a drop to wash down your mortification."

"You infernal rascal you are too deep for us. But we shall be even with you yet."

"The loudest ticking clocks tell the worst time," said the captain, and then added, with a twinkle of the eye, "Do you suppose that if I were what you take me to be I should be so soft as to stow away goods where a parcel of green fools would look for them?"

The officer bit his lip.

"Come away, my hearties," he ordered.

"My child! Where is my child?" pleaded the frantic mother, whose attention had not for a moment been distracted from her own loss. She clung to the officer as he was leaving.

"My good creature, I know nothing about her."

"But you have seen her. You have seized her to get some information out of her."

"No such thing. We have not cast eyes on her."

"Then you may see her. Send her back. She may be dead. If you find her—"

"Pshaw! A girl is not to be accounted dead till all other probabilities are exhausted. Look for her yourself. We have other things to attend to."

"Sorry you have been detained so long for nothing," sneered Captain Rattenbury, bowing. Then he shut the door on the baffled visitors, and at once his expression underwent a change.

He did not replace the bolt.

He stood for a moment observing the restless woman, who paced the room with her hands to her brow; her hair had not been tidied and bound up when she left her bed, and now it floated over her shoulders.

"Captain, where can she be?" she asked, suddenly facing Rattenbury.

"I will tell you, mistress," he answered, and his lips were set hard and his face was menacing. "Those sharks may have denied having swallowed her, but *they* know. She ran into their mouths."

"What do you mean?" She stood breathless before him, with her hands down, her arms rigid.

"What do I mean? Why this. The job of to-night finds its explanation in her absence. We have been betrayed. Some one who has known our secret has told it. That is the sense of all this disturbance. And there was no one else who could or would turn cat-in-the-pan. I sent her with a letter to Beer; and, like a fool, David, to whom I sent it, let her have a peep into it, and learn what was intended for his eye alone. Why is she away? Because she stole out as soon as it was dark to sell me and my mates to those devils at the station. Go there—you will find her there. Olver was right; I was a fool to have pity and house you. Who expects gratitude of a woman, or that she can keep a secret, is as one who expects a cat to keep from milk. However—they have not got what they reckoned on. They have not caught me sitting on my eggs, and from what they say, the rest have stolen away. None else knew about the plan save your girl. No one else could have blown upon it."

"It is false. She knew nothing. She has done nothing."

"Where then is she now? Know she did—that David admitted to me. She did not tell you, lest you should spoil her little game. This is how I am repaid for what I have done."

"Repaid!" exclaimed Jane harshly, rendered furious by the charge laid against her child, coming on her at a moment when maddened with anxiety as to her fate. "Repaid, say you," she repeated, and her eyes flamed. "Who is it who has sold and betrayed his mates, over and over again? If he is served with the same sauce he has mixed for others—I rejoice."

"Woman, I do not understand you."

"Yes, you do understand me; but you will not allow that you do. How is it that my father, who worked with and for you, and spent himself in pushing your schemes, died in poverty, whereas you are rich?"

"Rich! I am not rich."

"Oh, yes, you are—though you pretend to poverty."

"You are a spy on me, are you?" demanded Rattenbury, with manifest alarm in his manner, movement, and tone of voice.

"How is it that my father died poor? Answer me that," asked Jane.

"That is easily explained. He did not lay by his money. He had not that bird-lime rubbed into the palms of his hands that makes money cling—no thrift."

"It was not so. You sucked him as an orange and then threw him aside. And my brother Philip—"

"What of him?" asked Job scornfully.

"You had him put out of your way as soon as he became inconvenient, when he had broken with you and set up for himself."

"Who told you this?"

"You see, I know all."

"You have imagined all this. It is arrant falsehood. There is not a spice of truth in it. These are the fancies of a mad woman. You shall leave my house."

"Yes, cast me forth now. I hope in my heart that it be true that Winefred has betrayed you. But I do not believe it. You, who betrayed my kin, ought in all justice to be betrayed in turn."

"Leave my house," shouted Job. "I was unwise in taking you

in to watch me and go behind me in what I take in hand. I swear I believe now that you sent your child to call the sharks together."

"You believe that?"

"I do; you are capable of anything. Olver said as much. By my soul I know it. You would have killed your child had I not stayed you. And now in your crazy rage over fancied wrongs you would finish me. I see it in your tigerish eyes, in your wild and furious manner. You are not to be reasoned with, not to be trusted. Gather up your duds, and be gone."

"But my child!"

"Go after her—go to where the sharks are. They can give you an account of her. I allow you ten minutes to clear out—no more. Good Lord! What a loss is ours to-night, and all through you and your girl. If you were not a woman, I would strangle you."

Jane cast herself at his knees. "She is not with the coastguard. She knows nothing. Help me to find her. I will forgive what you did to Philip and my father."

"Forgive!" he shouted. His face flamed. "You forgive. That is news! Begone!" He stooped, caught her under the arms, lifted, carried her bodily, and flung her outside his door. "I have harboured you too long. If either of you were dying on my doorstep, I would not open to take you in."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### JOE'S SECRET

THE frantic woman lay in a heap at the door, crouching against it, in such a tumult of brain and heart, of distress at the loss of her child, and rage against the captain, that she was incapable of rising. She remained panting, biting her fingers, beating her head, and sobbing.

But the very violence of her emotions exhausted their force, and presently she rose to her feet and reeled away.

Whither should she go? In what direction look? Already a cold light was beginning to show over the Rousdon heights. A November day was at hand. The bushes deepened into intense blackness in contrast with the paling skies. The fangs of chalk seem to gleam as teeth exposed against her.

Rattenbury had bade her seek Winefred at the coastguards' station, but the officer had declared his ignorance of the whereabouts of the girl.

The charge of having betrayed him made by Captain Job served as an excuse for ridding himself of guests whom he had come to regard as encumbrances if not as enemies. Jane knew her daughter sufficiently to be aware that the charge was groundless. Winefred was not one to show treachery to the man whose house had sheltered her.

But whither was she to turn?

She took some steps towards the preventive station rather because she knew not where else to go than with any expectation of obtaining tidings there. She had not gone far before she came upon a man, one of the service, on the watch.

At her demand he replied that he could supply her with no information.

"It is of no use whatever your going to the station," said he; "no one there can help you."

She turned irresolutely and wandered, not knowing whither she went, first in one direction, then in another. Her appearance was forlorn; half clothed, with dishevelled hair, and with face white with despair.

She came repeatedly on men upon the watch. To each she put her question, always to receive the same discouraging answer.

In her dazed condition she did not consider that it was strange that she should encounter so many men on the alert at so raw an hour. She could think of but one topic—her loss.

Then an idea came glimmering into her clouded brain, that possibly her child might have strayed into Axmouth. And yet why? What cause could have drawn her from her bed and from the house at night?

She took a turn in the direction of the village; the lane she followed led from the down by a sharp descent to Bindon, an ancient and picturesque house, once a mansion of the Wyke family, now occupied as a farm.

The light was widening. She opened the gate in the wall and entered the court before the dwelling.

The house, with its gables and broad mullioned windows, bore a peaceful, smiling appearance. In the grey dawn the yellow illumined windows winked at her in friendly fashion. As the unhappy mother rapped at the door, a stout, motherly body bounced forth with her lap full of wheat for the pigeons.

She drew back with an exclamation—then bade Jane enter, drew her into the hall, where a fire was burning and candles were lighted, and at once recognised her.

Jane Marley told what was on her mind.

"Sit down," said the farmer's wife, whose name was Jose, "sit down and have a cup of tea. Mercy on us, you look shivered and scared and starving, and as if you'd been up all night. It is of no use your trying to think when the stomach is empty. I've attempted it scores of times and failed. Do not fret till you have a cause. I have been the mother of nine children."

"I have but one."

"Then I have had nine times your worries. Bless you! children will be children. They with their pranks are always giving us heartaches; but if we was sensible we would not worry. She has been playing a trick on you to see how you would take it."

Mrs. Marley shook her head.

"You eat a rasher of bacon," said Mrs. Jose. "It is wonderful how different we see things when the stomach is full to what we do when it is empty. Spectacles are nothing to it. All will come right. That is my experience, especially when we are expecting ills. When the evil drops on us it is when we are not on the look out. What I have found, time out of mind, is that when I have been terrified with fancying disaster was on me, it has been a token that good luck was on its way. There was my Thomasine. I missed her. I made sure she had got smothered in the mud; but it was only she was settling with her young man the day they were to be married, and he was a warm man with several hundreds, and had as fine a breed of sheep as any in the country. My Samuel

fell off a waggon, and I thought he had broke his neck; he was laid up a bit—but it prevented him from enlisting; he was mad on soldiering, and he might have been shot. Now he is settled as a horse jobber and doing finely. Be still now, puss!"

The last words were addressed to a kitten that was rubbing against her skirt, and finding that no attention was paid to her, proceeded to claw into the garment.

"Milk in good time," said Mrs. Jose; "there are others to be attended to besides kitties. Drat the canaries, what a clamour they keep up. Of a morning all creation is on the alert, and all—every member of it thinking only of itself and its stomach. Mrs. Marley, you sit in the chimney corner, warm yourself. You shall have a dish of tea in a jiffy. I can smell the bacon, it is being fried. I hear that you have been scampering all round the world seeking work, and you did not think of coming to me."

"This house is so large—"

"More the reason I should require help in it. I dare be bound we can find a corner for you. Martha Ann has gone home with a housemaid's knee, and that has made us short of hands. Those canaries must be looked to, or they will crack my ears. Do not trouble about your girl, she will turn up all right."

The kindness, the cheerfulness, the confidence of the woman soothed and encouraged Jane. She took the seat indicated by the fire, and Mrs. Jose unhooked the cage of birds to give fresh water and groundsel to her vociferous pets. She talked the whole time, now to Mrs. Marley, then to her servants, to the cat, to the canaries, to herself. Then hearing the tread of one of the farm men, she dashed out of the hall to give him orders, and was back again in five minutes.

"The boys knew all about it," she said to Jane. "Ebenezer is going with milk into Axmouth, and he will make inquiries there. They tell me someone has been lying in the barn, but he has left. Timothy got a glimpse of him, and protests he is a Beer man, from over the water. Trust the lads—ours are good as gold—they will make inquiries everywhere. I hope you like my bacon. I do not over-salt it as do some. I keep it in malt-combs. That makes hams and sides rarely sweet. It is a pity that this house looks west. One ray of the rising sun is said to be worth a dozen of the rays of the sun when setting. Are you better, Mrs. Marley? There is more colour in your cheeks; and let me give you a comb and brush and you shall do up your hair. You look like a wild woman. As to Captain Rattenbury—it is all nonsense. If you like it you may come here, but I suspect he knows when he is well off, and he will not find anywhere a woman more handy, frugal and clean to keep house for him. The old man is failing. He has led a rough life, and that tells in the end."

Jane Marley rose.

She put her hair together, smoothed her dress, thanked Mrs. Jose, and said she could rest there no longer, she must go forth and seek her daughter.

"Take my advice," said the farmer's wife, "always look well at home before searching abroad. Many a lost article for which you have searched the roads lurks in your pocket. Go back to the captain's on the undercliff. Back the child will be to a dead certainty. She will be wanting her breakfast. All living beings want that, and young things—desperately. It is a law of Nature's, so look and follow that."

The advice given by Mrs. Jose was reasonable. Jane was not in a condition of mind to understand the reason of it, but the direction given commended itself to her instinctively.

As she went up the lane, she felt that her knees gave way, and that her breath was short. The excitement through which she had passed told on her prowess, and her strength failed. She made her way over the open upland to the descent leading to the undercliff. On the way she had passed no man. The coastguards, baffled, disappointed, had been withdrawn. Perhaps they also, like all other members of creation, sought their breakfasts. Jane followed the path among the bushes till she reached the house of Rattenbury. In place of going to the front door, which she supposed would be fastened, she went round to the back of the cottage. Whether the captain were within or not she did not know, nor concern herself to consider. She sought not him but Winefred. If he were out—well. If within, and he opposed her entry, she would withdraw when satisfied that her child were not there.

She lifted the latch noiselessly and entered the back kitchen. This she traversed, and finding the door ajar into the front apartment, that served as parlour and sitting-room, she thrust it open with a finger, and entered.

As she did so, to her surprise, she saw the captain on a stool before the wardrobe, both the valves of which were thrown back; and the rail from which depended the garments from crooks was drawn forward beyond the depth of the cabinet, so as to prevent the closing of the doors.

Further, she perceived that this rail was actually the front of a drawer which must have been contrived to run back when pressed into the depth of the wall, or the rock against which the cottage leaned. Into this drawer Rattenbury was dipping.

She stood motionless and speechless in her astonishment, gazing at him.

A double set of pegs or crooks were affixed to the rail, set alternately, so as to allow of a double range of garments being suspended in the wardrobe, hanging clear of each other, and completely concealing the backboard of the closet. These clothes—gowns, cloaks, petticoats, shawls—were now brought forward and hung clear, suspended at a distance of two feet six inches from the back of the wardrobe.

Jane saw the captain extract a little bag from the drawer. He then moved on the stool and slightly turned him about as he proceeded to thrust the bag into his breeches pocket. At the same time he leaned his shoulder against the rail to thrust the drawer back into its place.

As he did this he caught sight of her observing him.

At once his face became livid, then turned purple. With an oath he sprang to the ground, ran to the hearth, snatched down a pistol that hung above the mantleself, and, grasping it by the barrel, turned on her and raised his hand to fell her to the ground.

"Watching! Spying!—"

He could no more; a splutter of foam, not words.

As he leaped at her, she sprang back, raising her hands to protect her head; but at the same moment he went down in a lump on the floor as though the pistol butt had fallen on his head instead of hers.



Jane Marley stood for a moment uncertain what had happened, and what should be done.

Had his ankle turned, and would he pluck himself up again, once more to rush at her? Or had he been felled by an apopleptic stroke? Should she turn, whilst there was time, and fly? Or should she tarry and assist the fallen man?

After a brief moment of hesitation, seeing that he made no movement to rise, uttered no sound, she stepped forward, bent over him and endeavoured to remove the pistol from his grip. But the fingers were tight locked and she could not disengage them. She turned his head and saw by the face that he was unconscious.

Then she laboured to unloose his neckcloth and his shirt collar; she forced him over on his back, and was by this means able to dash water into his face.

As he lay thus, his hand gradually relaxed, and the pistol fell from it.

Jane immediately secured it, and replaced it on the crooks above the mantelshelf whence he had taken it.

Was the man dead or in a fit?

The wardrobe doors were wide open, and the range of old clothes still projecting into and depending in mid-air in the room. Jane had sufficient shrewdness to see that it was advisable to replace all before she summoned assistance.

Mounting the stool she looked into the drawer and found that it contained purses, small canvas bags, wooden and metal boxes, and at once satisfied herself that they were filled with money, gold mostly, some silver.

She caught her breath, then breathed heavily, and her heart beat fast. She did not immediately close the drawer, but remained staring at the wealth that was amassed there before her—the accumulations of a man, saving, unscrupulous, daring, and so cunning as never to be caught—the spoils of a long, adventurous life.

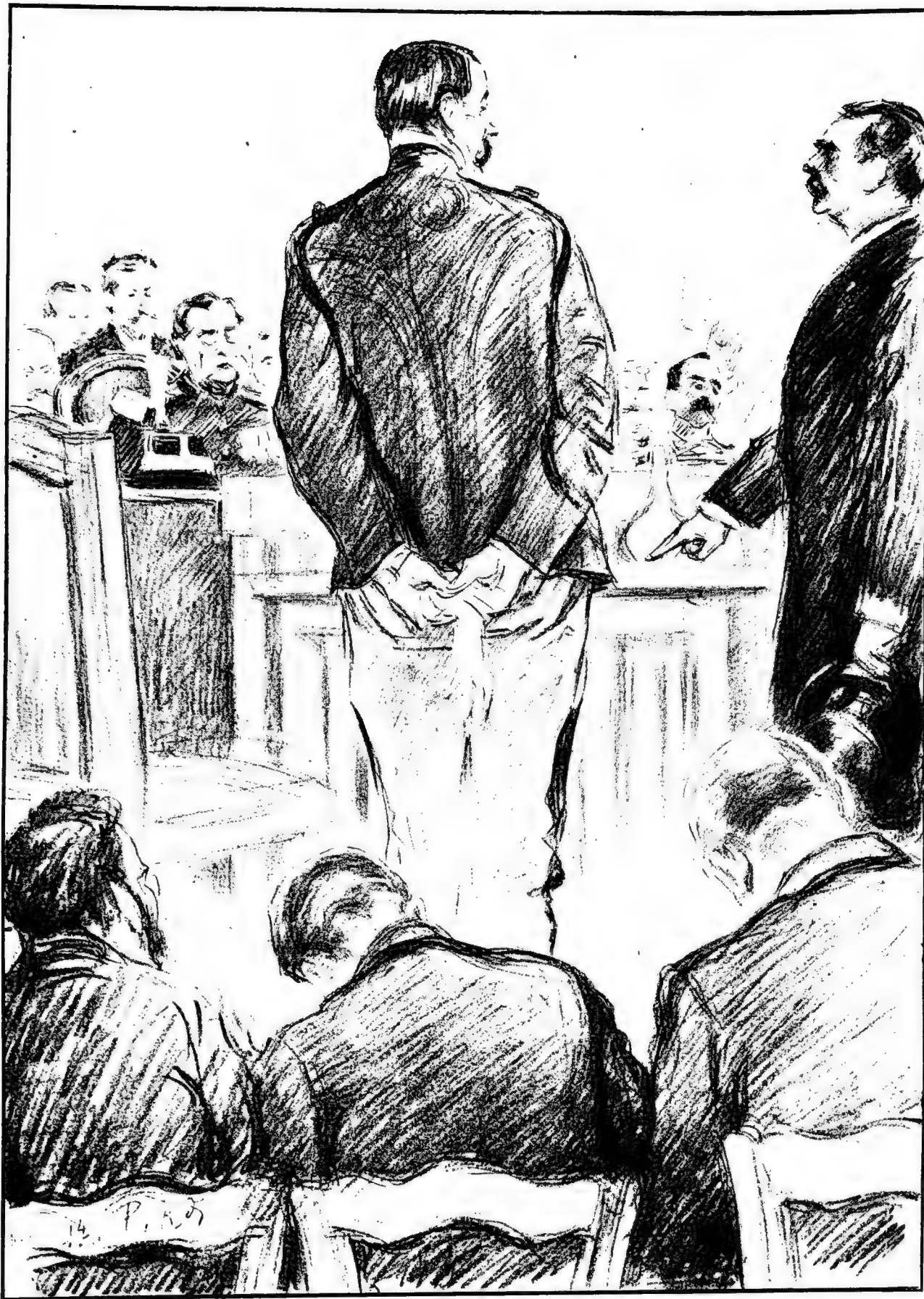
Looking about her she saw the captain to whom all this gold belonged lying on the limeash floor, his face grey, his eyes open, but expressionless. They saw nothing, the brain knew nothing of what she was doing.

She thrust the drawer back into its place. It slid on runners 'et into each side. It moved smoothly, noiselessly, and when in place

was so ingeniously contrived that no one could have guessed at its existence. All the hanging garments retreated with it, and showed

Thereupon she turned to leave the house and run towards Bindon to summon aid.

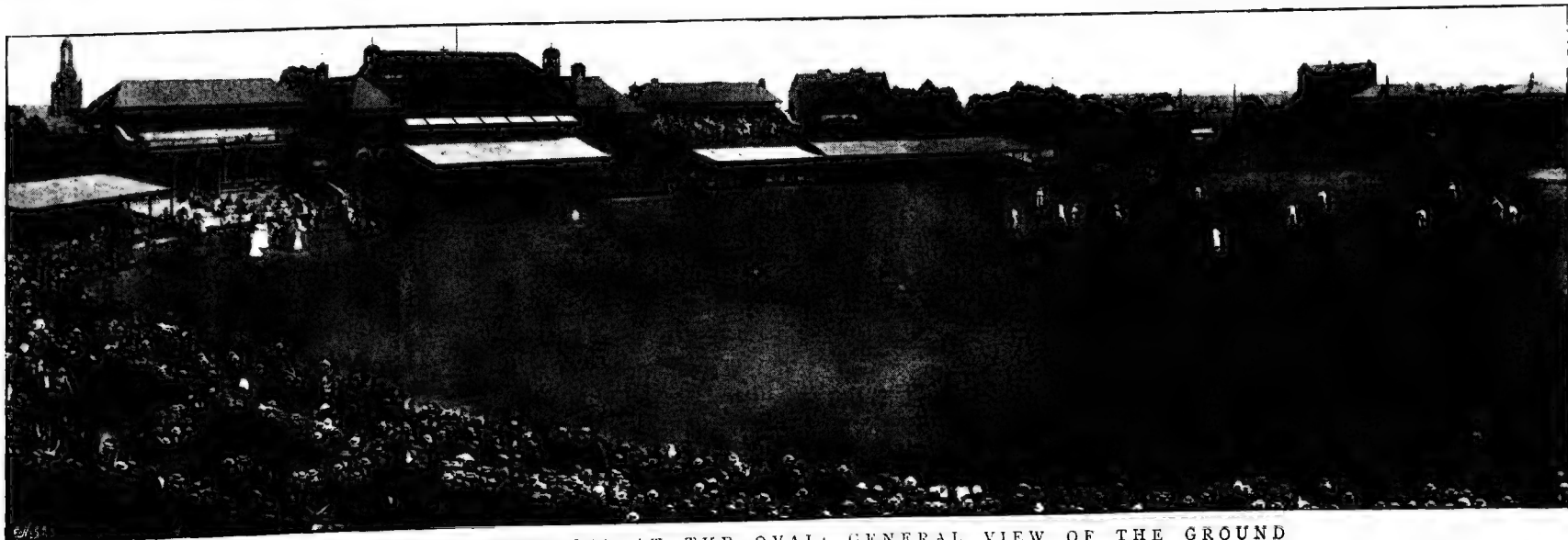
(To be continued)



GENERAL MERCIER CONFRONTED WITH M. CASIMIR-PERIER AT THE SECOND PUBLIC SITTING OF THE COURT

THE COURT-MARTIAL ON CAPTAIN DREYFUS AT RENNES

A SKETCH IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, PAUL RENOUD



ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA AT THE OVAL: GENERAL VIEW OF THE GROUND

From a Photograph by Arthur Henley, St. John's Wood



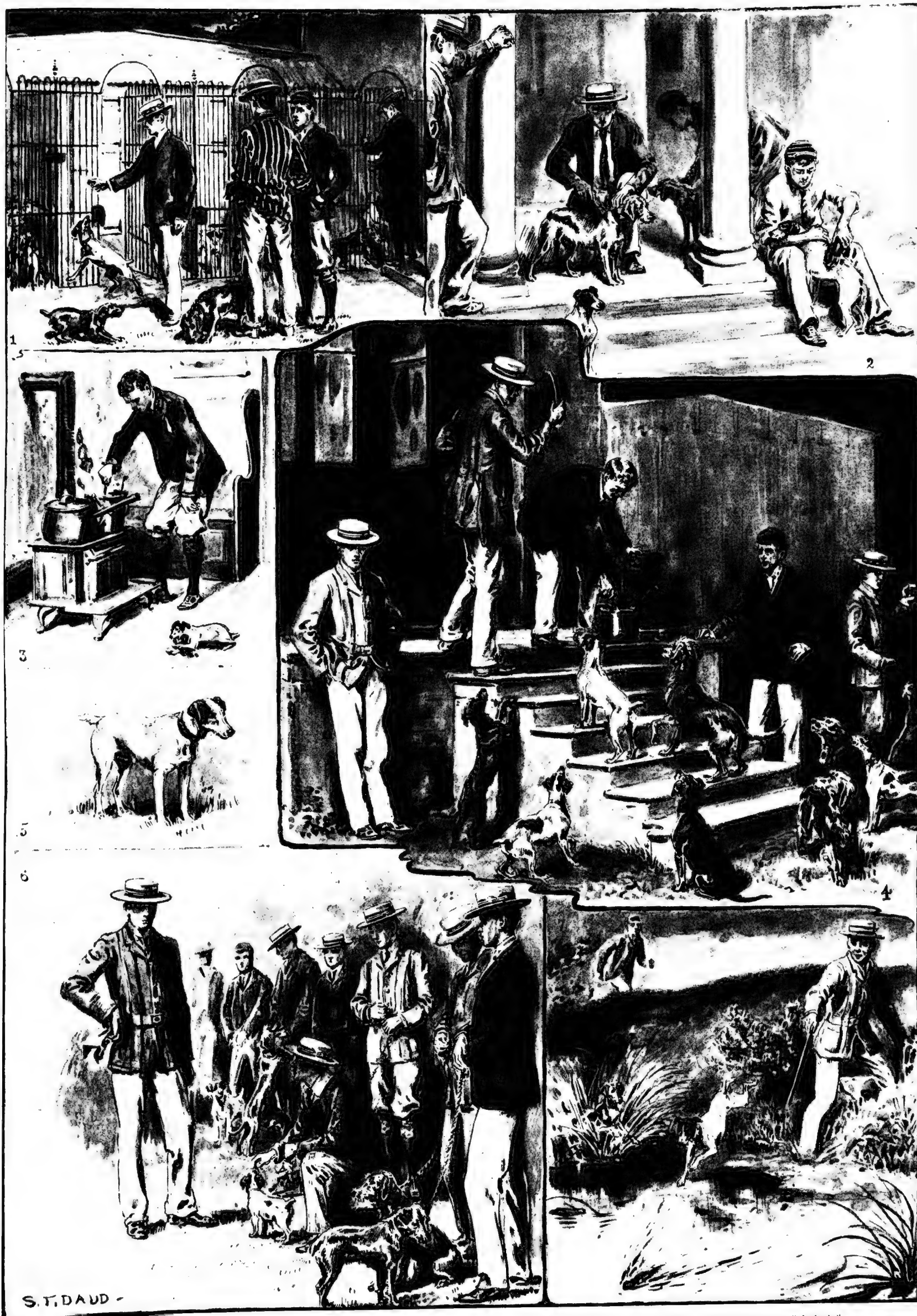
DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN P. H. FAWCETT, R.A.

An unpleasant experience while cycling in Ceylon is described by a correspondent. He was coasting down a hill, well wooded on both sides, when, on turning round a sharp bend in the road, he almost rode over a bear and two cubs. The bear made ready to attack the cyclist, but he having steered clear of the animal, pedalled away with all his might, and was soon out of danger.

A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE: A CYCLING ADVENTURE IN CEYLON





1. At the kennels: Coming out for exercise 2. Grooming 3. The culinary department 4. Feeding time 5. "Jack," a famous ratter 6. On parade 7. A water rat hunt at "the basin"

A NEW HOBBY FOR SCHOOL-BOYS: THE KENNEL CLUB AT CLAYESMORE SCHOOL, ENFIELD

DRAWN BY S. T. DADD

## The Second Trial of Captain Dreyfus

AFTER four days of secret session, during which the two mysterious *dossiers* of the War Office and Foreign Office were examined with closed doors, the public trial of Captain Dreyfus was resumed at Rennes on Saturday last. Curiosity as to what passed during the secret session is not likely to be gratified for some time yet; but it would seem that the effect of the examination of the masses of secret papers was not startling. Indeed, it is said that the Court and Dreyfus and the counsel were considerably bored by having to go over what is probably a mass of rubbishing "evidence" which would not hang a dog, and which contains scandalous documents. Dreyfus himself, says one of the Rennes correspondents, must have been astounded by the scandalous nature of these papers, and it is just that scandalous character which is the real cause of the secrecy demanded for their perusal. The diabolical ingenuity with which they have been concocted and utilised by the well-known forgers in the pay of not less notorious villains bent on ruining Dreyfus, would surpass belief if it were not already prepared for incredible things.

### M. Casimir-Perier's Explanation

The first day of the resumption of the public trial was devoted to the testimony of M. Delaroche Vernet, M. Casimir-Perier, ex-President of the Republic, and General Mercier. Strange to say, though this was supposed to be the critical moment of the trial, the proceedings were, as a rule, very dull. M. Casimir-Perier stated that it was General Mercier who informed him of the "leakages" at the headquarters. In January of 1894 the German Ambassador was instructed by Prince Hohenlohe in the name of the Emperor to call on him and to ask why the German Embassy was implicated by the newspapers in the Dreyfus affair, and if it proved to be not really so implicated, a formal denial was demanded. "After handing him back the despatch," continued M. Casimir-Perier, "I pointed out to the German Ambassador that the step he had taken was somewhat unusual: that I, as Chief of the State, was irresponsible, and that the normal course would be to discuss the matter with the responsible Minister, or, in his absence, with the Premier; but that he had appealed to my good faith as a private individual, and that, in these circumstances, the Ambassador should know all. I then told him that the document had been found at the German Embassy. The Ambassador replied that that seemed to him impossible, that many documents were undoubtedly received there, but that no important documents could possibly be abstracted. I replied to him that, happily, we no more than he thought the document could be important; and this declaration having been made, neither the Government nor I myself implicated the German Embassy in the affair, that there was no proof of the Embassy having asked for this communication, and that we no more held it responsible for what it received than we ourselves could be made responsible for papers which were brought to us; but that the fact that, at the Embassy of a foreign Power, a document had been found which was believed to have emanated from a French officer, was sufficient to establish the guilt of that officer. The Ambassador insisted on having handed to him a most categorical note clearing the Embassy from all responsibility in the matter."

### General Mercier's "Evidence"

General Mercier's "evidence" proved to be a mere re-hash of the odds and ends of anti-Dreyfus gossip which had caused him to be "morally convinced" that Dreyfus had written the *bordereau*. He posed also as the man who saved France from a war with Germany. "To understand what happened in 1894," he said, "you must know what was the political situation at that moment," and then he went on to tell how M. Casimir-Perier, M. Dupuy, the Premier, and he (Mercier) remained at the Elysée one night waiting for the communication of the telegrams which were passing between the Emperor William and the German Ambassador, and were asking themselves whether the result of that exchange of communications would be peace or war. On his part, he had given orders to General de Boisdeffre to be ready, in case of need, to take all the necessary steps for our mobilisation.

### "Within Two Finger-breadths of War"

"You see, gentlemen, we were within two finger-breadths of war, and that is why I said just now that you must not always take as ready money the statements of diplomacy. At that moment was I, as a statesman, to desire war for my country? No, gentlemen, and for several reasons—military reasons. Germany had begun the transformation of her rapid-fire guns, while I had hardly obtained from Parliament the first credits for a few batteries. There were also diplomatic reasons. We did not know if the conventions which had been negotiated by the preceding Minister of Foreign Affairs would be ratified, and we remained uncertain as to the attitude of Russia. There were also moral reasons. The motive of such a war would not have given us an advantageous position. Thus, on the one side we were confronted by the impossibility of telling all, and, on the other hand, we were under an obligation to place the court-martial in possession of all the facts. This was the secret *dossier*." With such and such-like hysterical stuff did the General take up the time of the Court. M. Casimir-Perier simply contradicted it all.



MAITRE LABORI, LEADING COUNSEL FOR CAPTAIN DREYFUS

A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOARD, DRAWN AT A SITTING GIVEN TO OUR ARTIST ON THE EVENING BEFORE THE ATTEMPT ON MR. LABORI'S LIFE

Just before General Mercier concluded his "evidence" he turned towards Dreyfus and said, "If the slightest doubt had entered my mind I should be the first to say that I had blundered in good faith—" Dreyfus here sprang up and cried out: "That is what you ought to say!" "And," continued the General, "I would do all that is humanly possible to repair my blunder."

### No Doubt Exists in the General's Mind

"It is your duty," said Dreyfus, and he seemed about to rush upon his tormentor. "Well," said Mercier, "no. My conviction ever since 1894 has not undergone the slightest change. It has been strengthened by my study of the *dossier*, in spite of the immensity of the efforts which have been accumulated, in spite of the millions which have been insanely expended." As he left the Court Mercier was booed by some of the audience, but outside he was received with shouts of "Vive l'armée."

On Monday was committed the atrocious deed which caused so great an emotion—the attempted assassination of Maître Labori,

one of the counsel for Dreyfus, whose ability and fearlessness have always been the luglar of the anti-Dreyfus party. Maître Labori was on his way to the Court, accompanied by Colonel Picquart and that officer's brother-in-law, M. Gast, when he was set upon by a man, who fired a revolver at him, the shot hitting him in the back. The ruffian, though pursued by Colonel Picquart and M. Gast, made good his escape. Madame Labori, who was on her way to join her husband, was soon at his side, and he was removed by his friends to his hotel. According to the latest reports the distinguished lawyer is making satisfactory progress. Not the least suspicious fact in connection with the outrage is the circumstance that the victim had his pockets rifled while lying helpless on the ground, though, as he never lost consciousness, he managed to retain his brief. The trial went on in his absence, but the evidence of Generals Billot, Zurlinden, Chanoine, and of MM. Cavaignac and Hanotaux, did not produce any effect.

### IN AND ABOUT RENNES

SOMEWHAT out of the direct path of the tourist, but within easy access of Dinard and St. Servan, lies Rennes, that handsome episcopal city of some 70,000 inhabitants where the second Dreyfus court-martial is now being held. The place seems well adapted for such a purpose. The headquarters of the 10th Army Corps, yet isolated from any great industrial centre, and far removed from Paris, Rennes would not easily lend itself to any stupendous outburst of National feeling. Priests and churches are numerous in Rennes, and the lawyers fairly bristle there, but in spite of the many prosperous-looking shops to be seen at every turn, trade—so the inhabitants are fond of assuring a stranger—is at a low ebb. There is certainly very little outlet for industrial labour. The arsenal gives employment to many, and there are various other industries, but with the exception of a large publishing and book-binding firm these latter are insignificant.

The line to Rennes runs through one of the most luxuriously wooded parts of Brittany. Trees in tens of thousands, bowing under their weight of rich foliage, hedge the glowing fields, throw long, interlacing branches over the streams, overshadow the peaceful roads and lanes, and run riot through many a picturesque homestead and radiant farmhouse garden. Suddenly there comes a break amidst the trees, and a fair green plain unfolds itself to the view—and soon imposing buildings, in somewhat scattered profusion, proclaim arrival at Rennes. The train makes a wide *détour* before reaching the railway station, and as the roofs, domes, spires and towers of this stately, clean, uncrowded city pass in pleasant review before the eye—the colossal gilt angel, situated in close proximity to the Cardinal Archbishop's Palace, spreading wide wings to the sky—it is impossible to behold without admiring. A Scot will probably see a resemblance to Edinburgh. The cathedral is in the Pantheon style, and has two conspicuous towers. The Palais de Justice is a fairly handsome building, but more remarkable for its collection of paintings and carved work than for any architectural beauty.

The railway station is a large one, and just outside its gates several wide boulevards merge into a *place* of quite large enough dimensions for the assemblage of a dangerous rabble. To this point the various electric tramways which intersect the city converge. This electric tramcar system was completed two years ago, and for many months was a source

of enormous interest to the inhabitants. There have been serious accidents with these cars, and it would be astonishing if the reverse were the case considering the extreme rapidity at which they are driven.

But for some time Rennes has renounced its normal remolence. The erstwhile peaceful café wear an unwonted appearance of animation, and low murmurs of tranquil conversation, and the peaceful whistling of the night wind through overhanging vines, have ceased to be the only interruptions to the mellifluous music of an attendant harp or violin. The eyes of Europe are now concentrated on Rennes, and her inhabitants feel that their native city has for a time at least assumed that most attractive of all qualities—a capacity for great possibilities. But it is to be hoped that none will come—at least of a sensational nature—and that if Rennes is fated to make a mark in the history of her country it will be only as the site of the last, and, we trust, happy, chapter of that strange, sad story which has been slowly unfolded to the world.





MADAME LABORI ATTENDING TO HER HUSBAND IMMEDIATELY AFTER HE HAD BEEN SHOT WHILE ON HIS WAY TO THE COURT-MARTIAL AT RENNES

### THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF MAÎTRE LABORI

A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, GEORGES R DON

## Sir Joseph Prestwich

If anyone, fearful of achieving his purpose or desire through the necessity of having to work at other things, would find a stimulus to incite him to adhering to his cherished ambition, let him turn to "The Life and Letters of Sir Joseph Prestwich, M.A., D.C.L., F.R.S.," formerly Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford, which has just been written and edited by his wife and published by Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons. Singularly, unobtrusively, and with that innate charm which comes only when one is enamoured of one's subject, has the work been done which Lady Prestwich herself declares was "altogether a labour of love."

Curiously, too, the personal note of the writer has been kept in the background—over much kept in the background, indeed, for she rarely introduces herself during the four hundred and odd pages to which the memoir runs, and let it be noted with gratitude that the printing and type are all that sorely tried eyes could desire. An instance of Lady Prestwich's method of effacing herself is that she never uses the words "My husband," electing to be impersonal at all times, and speaking of the subject of her

memoir now as "Our Professor" in connection with his Oxford career, now as "Our Geologist," and earlier of "Our Student," and so on.

His must have been an extraordinarily simple character, alive with great mental ability, and the world, which only knew the latter side of him, is now able to get a glimpse of the former in this volume, which is almost a necrology, so many names appearing in foot notes, with the date of death following that of birth.

A childhood full of mischief is painted by Sir Joseph himself, in an autobiographical chapter, which he was persuaded by his wife to write, and there is foreshadowed in this chapter—looking backwards with the full knowledge of the life which closed three years ago, that passion which was to dominate his life, for the little boy used to dig wells in the London clay on which afterwards he was to become so great an authority. To get the money for philosophical instruments and materials for chemical experiments he would go without dinner for days and days together, dining on biscuits and walking eight miles in order to save his fare. After a short career at college he went into the City, where he was destined to remain for forty years, but every moment of his leisure was snatched for geology, in which he was so absorbed that, with the exception of the leaders in the *Times*, he read nothing else, which

led a friend to remark to him, and he acquiesced, "When you read nothing but geology your very soul is steeped in geology." So steeped was he, indeed, in geology that for years he lived in the City and worked far into the night, while later on in the interests of that work, he would tramp for miles to make observations. Even when the chance of going into a business which would probably have led to fortune was offered to him, he refused because it would curtail his leisure for geologising. How great was the knowledge thus obtained was shown on one occasion when he made a calculation that if a well were sunk 168 feet water would be found. The men dug down 166 feet, but found no sign of water. "It is useless to go on," they said. "Dig down two feet more," said Prestwich, "and you will find the water." They dug the two feet down. They found the water. That was the manner of man whose attainments Oxford appreciated by making Professor of Geology; a man of such tender heart that when he was leaving his home, full of tender memories, he took his departure in the night because he felt it would be less painful than in the day when all its beauties would be revealed. By no means one of the least interesting features of the book is the number of letters written to famous people, or received from them, among them being the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Gladstone.



After several hours of coaling ship, the British bluejacket looks anything but clean and smart, as perspiration and coal-dust are not calculated to improve his personal appearance. The average speed of coaling is eighty tons an hour, but to attain this every officer and

man works as though his life depended on it. Directly the last bag of coal is filled in the collier's hold a signal is given, and the men come tumbling on board the battleship, laughing and cheery as a lot of schoolboys.

#### THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: SCENE ON A BATTLESHIP AFTER COALING

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD



# THE GRAPHIC

## Amateur Photographic Competition



"THE STORM LIFTING"

SECOND PRIZE (£10)

CHARLES F. INSTON, 25, South John Street, Liverpool.



"CYPRIPEDIUMS"

COLONEL TAYLOR, 5, Norbiton Avenue, Norbiton, Surrey  
Prize of the value of £1 1s.



"AN ENGLISH LADY, 1799"

DR. WIRAL, 3, Mûchargasse, Graz, Austria  
Prize of the value of £1 1s.



"HAPPY CHILDHOOD"  
J. CRUWYS RICHARDS, 18, Kingscote Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham



"APPLE BLOSSOMS"  
C. S. STONE, Woodridings, Pinner



"TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW"  
JOHN W. DUNN, 3418, Meramac Street, St. Louis, U.S.A.





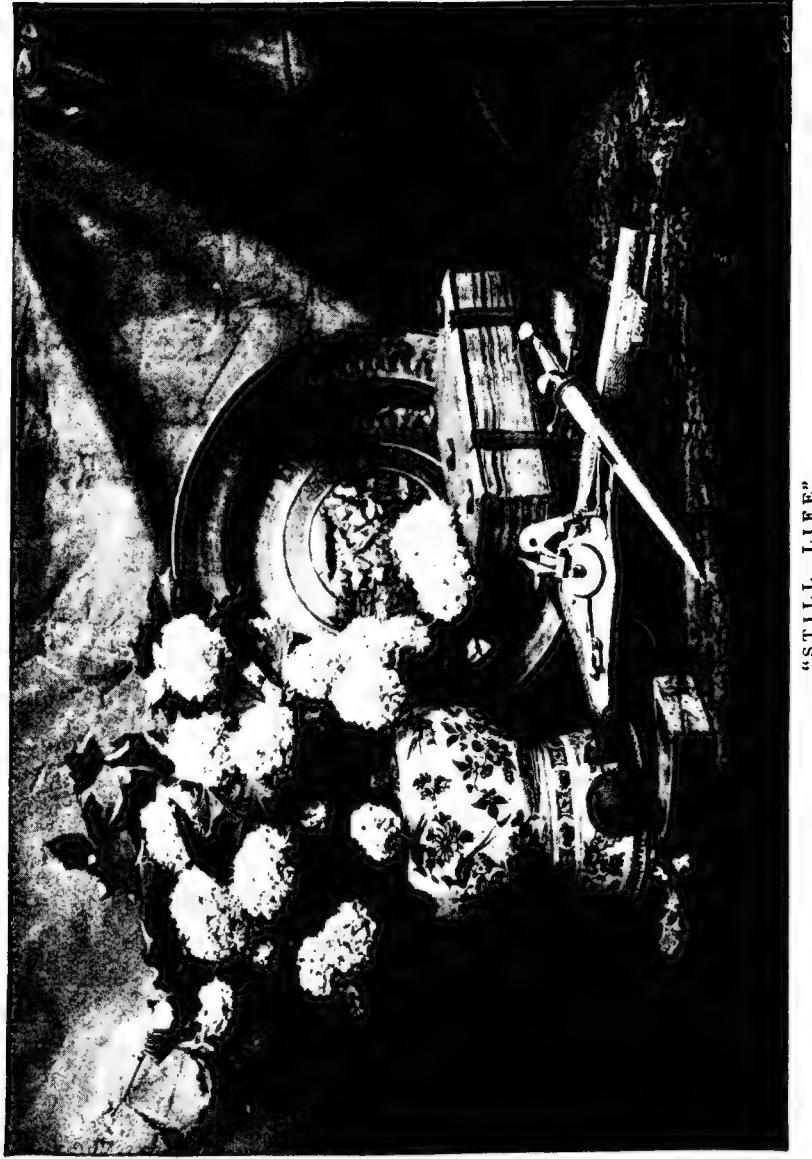
"WANNOCK, SUSSEX"  
T. B. MILLER, St. Andrew's School, Eastbourne  
Prize of the value of £1 1s.



"THE MOUTH OF THE GARELOCH"  
W. SNELL ANDERSON, F.R.P.S., Dalfruin, Helensburgh, N.B.  
Prize of the value of £3 3s.



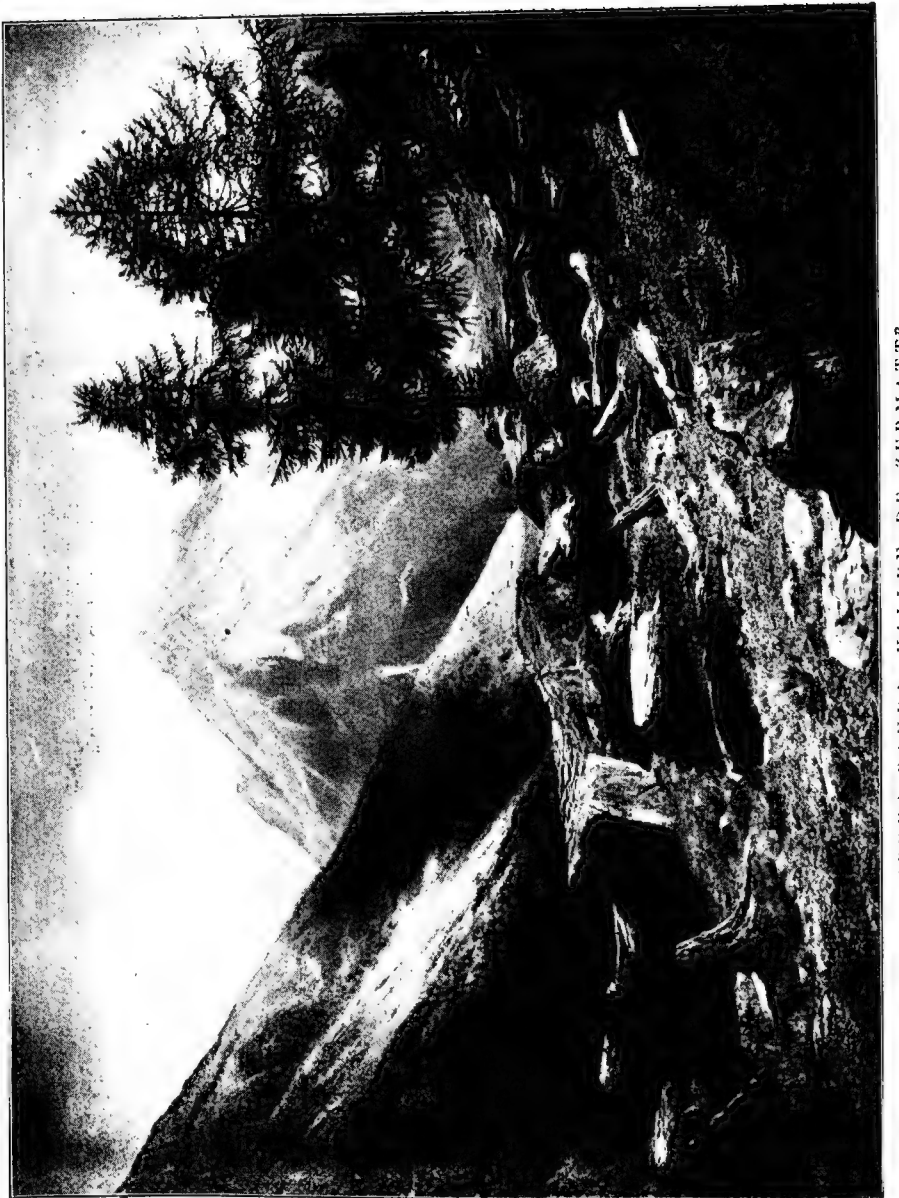
"THE STITCH RECOVERED"  
F. A. JOYCE, Grenfell Street, Adelaide, South Australia  
Prize of the value of £1 1s.



"STILL LIFE"  
A. L. SULLER, College Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.  
Prize of the value of £1 1s.



"EVENING NEAR THE PYRAMIDS: APPROACHING DUST STORM FROM THE DESERT"  
E. R. ASHTON, Camden Park, Tunbridge Wells

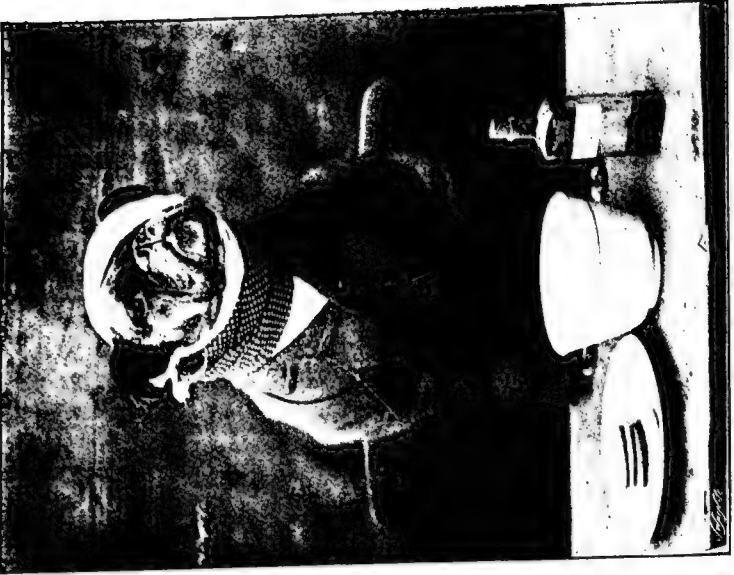


"PRES RANDA, VALLEE DE ZERMATT"  
Dr. ANT. MAZEL, 1, Rue Centrale, Geneva  
Prize of the value of £3 3s.

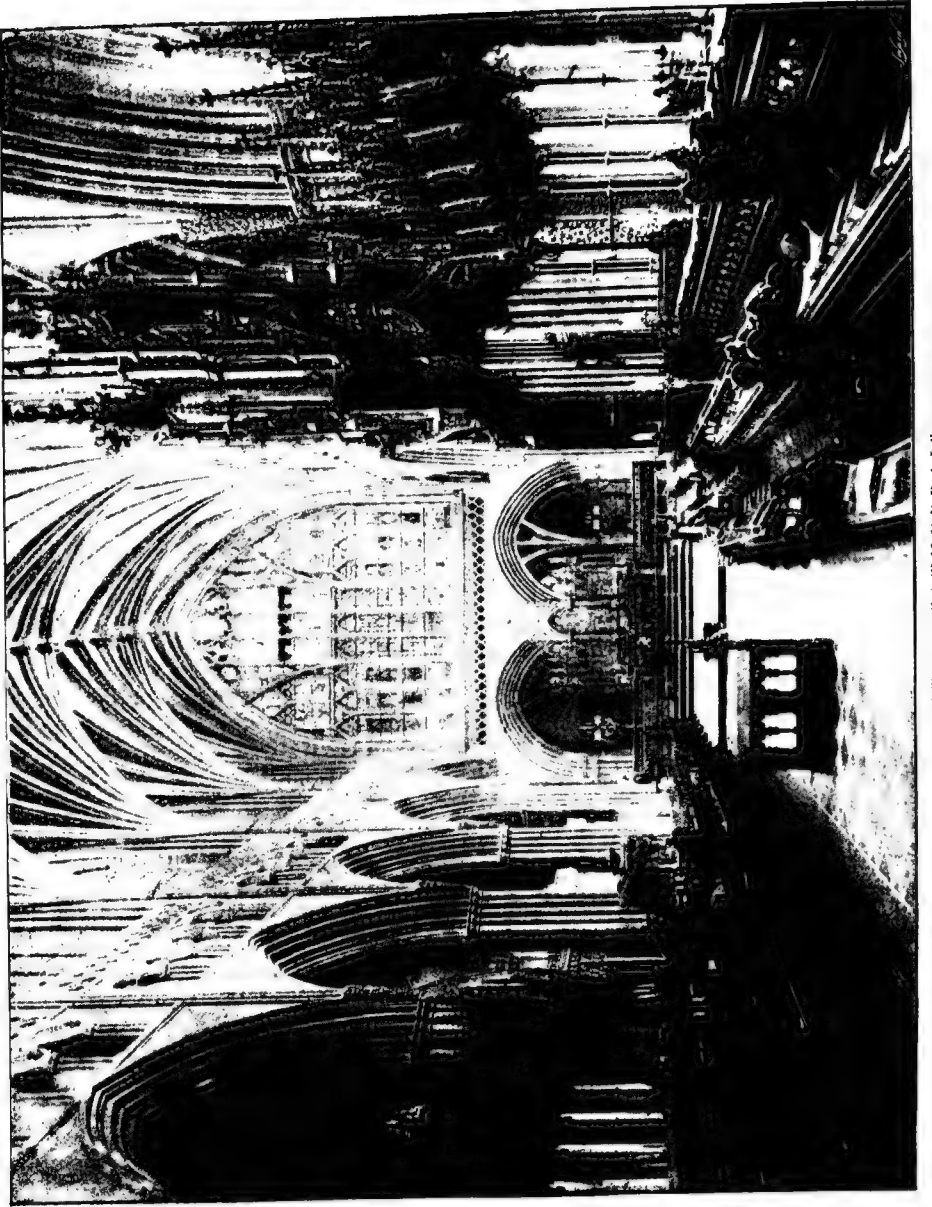


"POSED"

G. W. HARKER, City Surveyor's Office, Bradford  
Prize of the value of £1 1s.

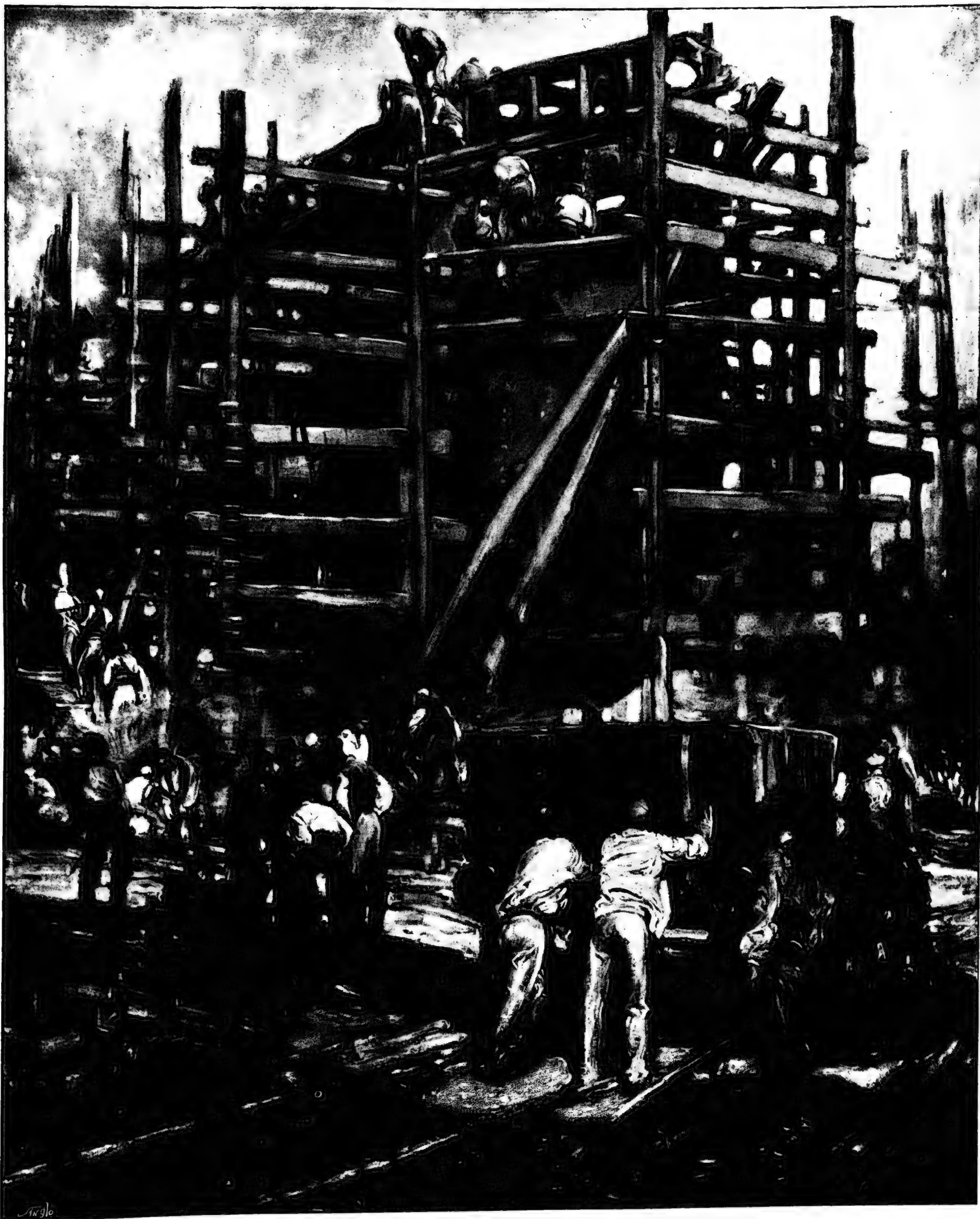


"INDISPOSED"



"EXETER CATHEDRAL."  
SEYMOUR CONWAY, Ingletroft, Beckenham  
Prize of the value of £3 3s.





BUILDING A LINER: A SCENE IN A TYNESIDE SHIPBUILDING YARD

DRAWN BY FRANK BRANGWYN

## Our Portraits

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK FORESTIER WALKER, who is at present in command of the Western District at Devonport, has been appointed to command the British troops at the Cape in the place of Major-General Sir W. E. Butler, who has been recalled, and will take over the command at Devonport. Sir Frederick Forestier Walker is one of the youngest lieutenant-generals, being not yet fifty-five. He joined the Scots Guards in 1862, and left a lieutenant-colonel in 1886. He served in the Kaffir war of 1878 (mentioned in the despatches, and made C.B.), and on special service throughout the Zulu war of 1879 (mentioned in despatches, and awarded medal with clasp). Sir Frederick also served as Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General with the Bechuanaland Expedition in 1884-85. In 1889 he commanded an infantry brigade at Aldershot, and, from 1890 to 1895 was the General Commandant in Egypt. Since the latter year he has been in charge of the Western District. He was made K.C.B. in 1894. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Sir William Thomas Lewis, who has lately resigned his position as leader of the Monmouthshire and South Wales Coalowners' Association, has been one of the strongest leaders of employers in the labour struggles of recent years. He founded the sliding scale system in South Wales. The reasons for his resignation are, briefly stated, as follows:—At the end of the recent dispute the Coalowners' Association had expended a vast amount of money, and has lost considerable profits. They had won a great victory. Some of the non-associated owners had kept their pits at work during the strike, and had made huge profits. After the strike was over, some of these non-associated owners wished to join the Association. The majority of the Association were in favour of their doing so, but Sir William Lewis strenuously opposed the policy, and resigned when the vote in favour of it was carried rather than be a party to admitting men who might use the Association for their own ends, and in the time of stress might desert the coalowners' cause, as some of them had done before. Sir William Thomas Lewis, who was born in 1837, is himself a large employer of labour as a colliery owner and iron master in Glamorganshire. He was knighted in 1885, and received the honour of a baronetcy in 1896. Our portrait is by Sarony, New York.

The death is announced of Sir Edward Frankland, who has for many years been the Government analyst of the Metropolitan Water Supply. He died last week in Norway, whither he was in the habit of going for salmon fishing in his holidays. Sir Edward Frankland was born at Churchtown, near Lancaster, in 1829, and was educated at the Grammar School of his native town, whence he proceeded to the Museum of Practical Geology, where he studied under Dr. Lyon Playfair. Then he proceeded to the Universities of Marburg and Gießen, the former conferring upon him the degree of Ph.D. In 1851 he was appointed Professor of Chemistry at the Owen's College, Manchester, and after holding that office

for six years he was elected to the chair of Chemistry at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. In 1863 he was appointed Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution. He held that post for two years, and was then appointed Professor at the Royal College of Chemistry (School of Mines). There he worked for twenty years, retiring in 1885. In 1855 he was awarded by the Royal Society the Royal Medal for his researches into organic bodies containing metals. In 1868 he was a member of the Royal Commission to inquire into the pollution of rivers. His annual reports to the Local Government Board on the Water Supply of London, which

them after the famous raid into the Transvaal. Our portrait is by J. Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

The post of Chief Magistrate is to be filled by Mr. Franklin Lushington, who is actually Sir John Bridge's senior, and has been a London police magistrate for nearly twenty years. Mr. Franklin Lushington is the fourth son of the late Judge Edmund Henry Lushington, a pious judge of Ceylon. He was born in 1823, and was educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree as Senior Classic and Chancellor's Medallist in 1846. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1853. From 1855 to 1858 he was a member of the Supreme Council in the Ionian Islands. He was appointed a London police magistrate in 1869, and has latterly served at Bow Street. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The vacancy on the list of London magistrates caused by Sir John Bridge's retirement has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Cecil Maurice Chapman. Mr. Chapman was born in 1852, and was educated at Tonbridge, where he was head of the school in 1871. He proceeded with a school scholarship to Balliol College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1875. From Oxford he went to the Inner Temple, where he was called to the Bar in 1878. He went on the South-Eastern Circuit, and soon acquired a good practice, and has been engaged in many important cases. In 1892 he was a candidate for the County Council at Chelsea, but was defeated. On the retirement of Lord Cadogan from the Third Council in 1895, Mr. Chapman was elected at a by-election for Chelsea, but was defeated at the last election.

## A Tour in Bosnia and Herzegovina

THE Provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina are rather out of the beaten track of the tourist, being somewhat too far afield, but to those who have the leisure to devote some days of their holiday to travelling, these provinces prove an almost inexhaustible source of

interest. The change is complete; the whole aspect of life is altered.

The Bosniak are, as may be seen from our sketches by M. "Mars," dressed in a very picturesque fashion, partly Turkish and partly Dalmatian. A pretty feature of their costume is the adornment of the head-dress with flowers. As is well known, it is forbidden to a Mahomedan to make an image of a human being. The law really refers to sculptured representation, and not to drawings or paintings. But many Moslems have a great abhorrence of both kinds of art, and while at Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, our artist found the belief in this interpretation of the law very strong. At the door of the great Mosque was a beggar, who was so enraged at being sketched, that he threw away the coin our artist had given him. The slippers' warder at the door of the mosque evinced the same repugnance to being sketched, but was more dignified in expressing his feelings. Another sketch shows an art worker in the Government factory, where all kinds of gold and silver incrustation work is done.



THE LATE SIR E. FRANKLAND  
Analyst of the London Water Supply



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR F. FORESTIER WALKER  
Appointed to the Cape Command



SIR WILLIAM LEWIS  
Late Chairman of the Coalowners' Association



MR. FRANKLIN LUSHINGTON  
New Chief London Magistrate



SIR JOHN BRIDGE  
Late Chief London Magistrate



MR. CECIL M. CHAPMAN  
New London Magistrate

began in 1865, have been invaluable. He was made K.C.B. in 1897. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The announcement that Sir John Bridge has resigned the position of Chief Police Magistrate for London has been everywhere received with regret. At the same time no one grudges him his well-earned rest after his twenty-seven years of work as a London magistrate. Sir John Bridge, who is now in his seventy-fifth year, was educated at King's College, London, and Trinity College, Oxford, where he took his degree (first-class mathematics and honorary first in classics). He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1850. He was appointed a London Police Magistrate in 1872. After serving in that capacity at Hammersmith and Southwark, he went to Bow Street, where he followed Mr. Flowers, and in 1890 succeeded Sir James Irgham in the Chief Magistracy. Few magistrates in the kingdom have had a more varied experience than Sir John Bridge. It was before him that Dr. Jameson and his officers were brought to meet the charges preferred against



THE ROYAL REVIEW OF THE HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS AT OSBORNE: THE QUEEN ON THE PARADE GROUND

DRAWN BY A. KEMP TEBBY





DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY D. MACPHERSON

The Tercentenary Celebration of Vandyck at Antwerp culminated in the "cortège artistique," organised by the municipal council of the town at a cost of 4,000*l.* The streets of the famous town were crowded to witness the passage of the pageant, which had been prepared with the greatest care, and which proved to be of the highest interest and beauty. The pageant was entitled "Art through the Centuries to the Period

of Vandyck," and it was illustrated by magnificent cars with attendant groups, representing the following art epochs of the world:—Egyptian and Assyrian; Greek and Roman; Byzantine and Arab; Gothic; Italian, German, and French Renaissance; Dutch of the Seventeenth Century; Flemish Renaissance before Rubens; Rubens and his School; and the Glorification of Vandyck

THE VANDYCK TERCENTENARY AT ANTWERP: THE VANDYCK CAR IN THE GRAND PROCESSION







THE CREW OF H.M.S. "SCYLLA" FORMING THE SHIP'S NAME ON THE ISLAND OF STANDIA

## THE "ADMIRABLE 'SCYLLA'"

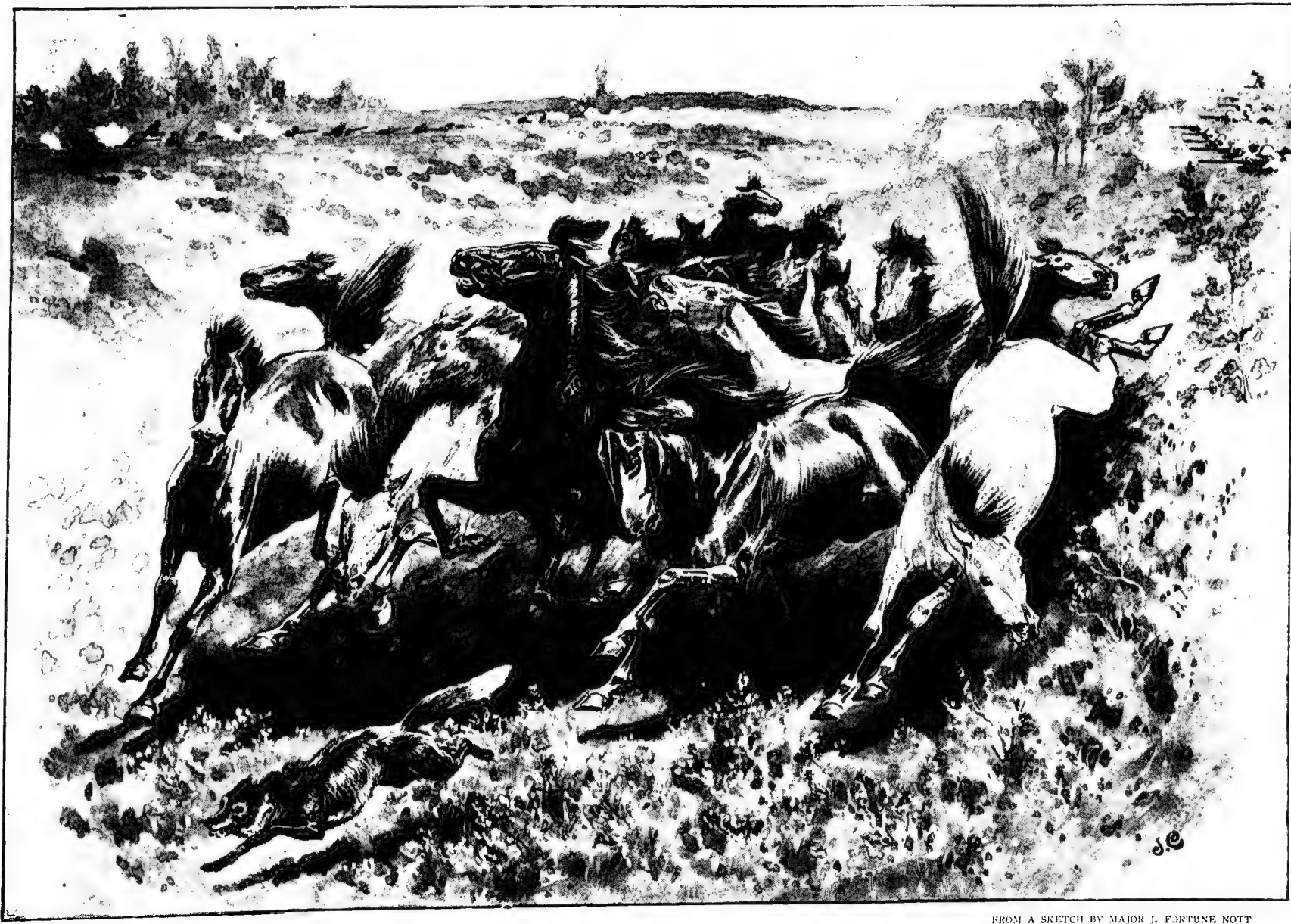
THE cruiser *Scylla*, which has just returned from the Mediterranean and paid off, earned a great reputation for general smartness, and especially for good shooting, during her three years' service. She obtained at her annual prize firing the fine record of eighty per cent. of hits made, with independent markers on board, at a range of 1,600 yards, steaming twelve knots, so there was no mistake about the performance. The target used was the ordinary service one for guns of 4.7 in. and over, 20 ft.

wide by 16 ft. 9 in. high. Eighty per cent. of hits on this would mean something like 99 per cent. of hits on a ship's hull, as there are few foreign cruisers of the *Scylla's* own class which expose a target of less than 300 ft. by 20 ft. or 25 ft.

Captain Percy Scott, the captain of the *Scylla*, naturally considered that the name of his ship ought to be "writ large," and he proceeded to carry out that idea as shown in the photograph above reproduced. It was taken by Captain Scott during the *Scylla's* stay at Standia Island, off the town of Candia, in Crete. The letters were first of all whitewashed on the

hard black rocks on a steep hill, the length and breadth of the letters being about 90 ft. by 30 ft. The ship, with a complement of 275 hands on board, was then "abandoned," as in evolution. The whole crew pulled ashore in the ship's boats, seven in number, and seated themselves on the letters, under the superintendence of the captain, who was lying off the shore in the steam cutter. The ship's name was then formed as follows:—Letter S, officers and chief petty officers; C and Y, seamen; L L, stokers; A, marines.

All being arranged and the word given Captain Scott made the photograph from a point about 100 yards off shore.



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A SKETCH BY MAJOR J. FORTUNE NOTT

A correspondent writes:—"During a sham fight, when there had been a good deal of firing, a troop of ponies, frightened by the noise, went off at a stampede which suggested sights of wild nature only to be seen in a few places in South Africa. The ponies flew along, fairly panic-stricken. At intervals they lashed out

with their hind legs and showed some disposition to turn, but the line of firing marked their course, and on they went until out of sight."

## THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES: AN IMPROMPTU CHARGE

## "Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

COMINGS OF AGE and home-comings are always pleasing ceremonies. Last week saw the coming of age of Lord Graham and Lord Castlereagh, and the home-coming of Lord and Lady Tullibardine. The latter function is of essentially Scotch origin, and is usually the occasion for a loyal expression of feeling. The married couple are well known, and the husband, at least, has probably already given a foretaste of qualities which have endeared him to his tenantry and his dependents. He is not absolutely untried, he has embraced some profession, and distinguished himself therein. He may have gone through an arduous campaign like Lord Tullibardine, and thus the enthusiasm evoked by his happy marriage has a solid basis of fact.

The coming of age festivities, on the contrary, possess a vicarious meaning. Like father like son is an old proverb, and people judge the coming generation by the past. If the father has been a good landlord, a kind master, thoughtful for his dependents, and wise in his ruling, the chances are his son will follow in his footsteps. In both instances last week such was the case, and the popularity of the parents may be gauged by the enthusiasm displayed towards the son. The festivities in Lord Castlereagh's case were sadly marred by his accident, which caused pity to be tenderly mingled with rejoicing; pity for him, his parents and his newly made fiancée. It is seldom that a man's engagement takes place simultaneously with his coming of age, and two such great and pleasurable emotions coinciding must almost overpower a young man, and the accident occurring at the same time shed a proportionate gloom.

In Lord Graham's case everything was propitious, the glorious weather left nothing to be desired, everything smiled on him, the sun, the happy faces of his parents and friends, the spontaneous and hearty enthusiasm of his dependents. Those who believe in the strained and unfriendly relations existing between employers and employed, should have seen the magnificent presents given by tenantry, neighbours, employes, and servants, listened to the hearty speeches and loud acclamations, admired the decorations, illuminations and fireworks contributed by the poorest person in the village, and noted the willing way in which everyone put a helping hand to unharness the horses and pull his carriage on a triumphal progress through the village. The young Marquis has received the very best education—that of practical work. He has served as mate in the mercantile service, and, like Lord Charles Beresford, has the true interests of the seaman at heart. When one sees a young man of the aristocracy thus putting his shoulder to the wheel, and giving his sympathy to those below him in position, it is but fair to surmise that the bonds of union between rich and poor, employer and employed have not yet been severed, and that the ties of loyalty and consideration, truth and honour, will be stronger than the latent shouts of democracy or the unreasoning demands of Socialism. It is the bad landlord that makes the rebellious tenant, and where harmony is preserved by mutual forbearance, the relationship cannot fail to be a pleasant one.

A patient, suffering from a peculiar disease induced by excessive tea-drinking, now lies in one of the hospitals. This particular instance may be exceptionally severe, but many suffer in the same way. Workgirls, servants, and women leading sedentary lives do themselves immense harm by immoderate tea-drinking. The patient in question had drunk five quarts of strong tea daily for thirty years. Few of us, perhaps, reach that maximum, still, tea taken in excess is as injurious as alcohol. The old Chinese teas are going out of fashion, the delicate, sweet-scented Orange Pekoe which delighted our mothers and gave a subtle fragrance to the brew, is now scarcely employed, and the stronger and coarser Indian and Ceylon teas have replaced these rarer blends. It is the method of tea-making that is at fault. Tea, in China and Japan, hurts nobody, for it never stands. A kettle is boiled, and as soon as the simmering is over, some water is poured over a small quantity of green tea placed at the bottom of another kettle. Directly afterwards the water is poured off into a cup, and the tea drunk without milk or sugar. It is never allowed to stand, and for every cup a fresh brew is made, consequently the injurious element, the tannin, is invariably absent. Another mistake we make in England is not only to drink tea often three or four times a day, beginning with the early cup before breakfast, but also to eat meat with it, a meal called high tea, and the sure method of promoting indigestion.

Ladies certainly are uncomplaining martyrs in the matter of dress. All this year they have worn trailing muslins, so long that they gathered up all the dust and dirt of the streets, so narrow that they could not hold them up, and, of course, pocketless. What women have suffered in carrying their handkerchiefs in their hands, their belts, even up their sleeves, like soldiers, their purses hanging from their wrists or their waists, their card-cases in bags or in their fingers, till they were laden like railway porters, cannot be described.

Not content with this, the mere wearing of jewellery is a heavy burden cheerfully borne. The Queen complained much when young of the weight of the crown, but that was only rarely worn at a public function, and, therefore, partook of the nature of a duty; but what shall we say of the present women of fashion? A popular young duchess, for instance, wears at the smartest balls, a large tiara, a heavy diamond belt of hard and unyielding proportions, a high dogcollar of diamonds encompassing her throat and impeding her breathing, and several rows of massive pearls the weight of which causes red marks on her fair skin? Surely torture can go no further, nor even the truth of the axiom "*Il faut souffrir pour être belle*" be better exemplified.



The victory of Private James Dore, of the 2nd Devonshire, in the Rifle Championship was a pleasant surprise. It is seldom that such a competition is won by a private. He scored 140 points, while Sergeant Williamson, 2nd Scottish Rifles, made 138, and Colour-Sergeant Ashforth, 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, was third with 136. Private James Dore is a native of Torquay, and has fourteen years' service. He has been best shot in Major Davies' company for four years, and last year tied with the battalion shot. Our portrait is by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

PRIVATE JAMES DORE, WINNER OF THE RIFLE CHAMPIONSHIP AT ALDERSHOT

## Loben's Courtship

THE old adage which says that the course of true love never did run smooth seems to be exemplified in the strange story that has been revealed bit by bit from Earl's Court. Among the natives forming part of the show called "Savage South Africa" at the



MISS FLORENCE K. JEWELL



PRINCE LOBENGULA

Earl's Court Exhibition was the son of Lobengula, known as Peter Kushana Loben. Report said that he had become engaged to an English lady, and that he was shortly to be married. This was subsequently denied, and a letter appeared in *The Daily Graphic* signed by Loben, who, by the way, cannot read, declaring that he had no such intention. The lady to whom he was said to be engaged was Miss Florence Kate Jewell, who is of Jewish extraction and the daughter of a mining engineer of Redruth, Cornwall. She first saw Loben in full war paint at Bloemfontein, and, it is said, fell in love with him on the spot. At Bloemfontein Loben has a farm, to which it was said he was anxious to return with his bride. Loben is twenty-four and Miss Jewell twenty-one years of age. Following rapidly after the denial that there was to be any marriage



PRINCE LOBENGULA IN HIS NATIVE COSTUME

came a report to the effect that the couple were to be married at the church of St. Matthias, Warwick Road, and a little band of spectators gathered at the church on the morning. But there was no wedding. There had been a hitch. No one quite knew what had happened. It was afterwards ascertained that the Rev. F. H. Lane, the curate in charge, had refused to perform the ceremony, and that his refusal had been supported by the Chancellor of the Diocese, who, it was said, had revoked the licence he had previously issued. And there for the present the matter rests for the time, but Miss Jewell confided to a *Daily Graphic* reporter, who had an interview with her, that in the event of another hitch she would not get married in England at all, but would go straight to South Africa and have the ceremony performed there. Our portraits are by Arthur Weston, Newgate Street.

## The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

WHO are the theatrical enthusiasts who go to the play in these sweltering days of mid-August? They are a not inconsiderable number; for though no fewer than eighteen West End houses have now closed doors, there are still about seven that continue the struggle with more or less success. These are the SAVOY, with *H.M.S. Pinafore* and *Trial by Jury*; the GLOBE, with *The Gay Lord Quex*; the COURT, with *Wheels Within Wheels*; the LYRIC, with *El Capitan*; the SHAFESBURY, with *The Belle of New York*; the PRINCESS's, with *One of the Best*; and the CRITERION, with *The Wild Rabbit*. With these there is no need to associate the "Variety" theatres—such as the PALACE, the EMPIRE, and the ALHAMBRA—which are rather after-dinner lounges than theatres properly so called. The CRITERION, though included, may also be left out of the account, for this is for the present in the hands of those experimental summer managements which are more or less independent of the law of supply and demand.

Still seven theatres of the higher class constitute a considerable contingent, and the question arises—how are they filled while London is popularly supposed to be at the seaside or gone abroad? Country and foreign visitors, no doubt, count for a good deal, for there is always a large number of such among us, and in or out of season no class are more constant playgoers. When with these we take into account the two or three houses which—like the GLOBE, the COURT, and the SHAFESBURY—are fortunate enough to have produced pieces that are exceptionally attractive, the solution of the problem certainly becomes less difficult.

An early token of the coming season will be the reopening of the ADELPHI to-night by the new manager, Mr. Robert Sleath, who will produce the new romantic drama, *With Flying Colours*, by Mr. Seymour Hicks and Mr. F. G. Latham, the scenes of which are laid at Chatham, Southampton, and Dartmoor. There will, however, be no sudden waking up of the theatrical world like that of the sleepers in Lord Tennyson's enchanted palace. For most of the coming novelties—including Messrs. Parker and Wilson Barrett's play at the LYCEUM, *The Trip to Midget-Town*, by the Lilliputian American Company at the NEW OLYMPIC, *The Last Chapter* at the STRAND, *The Ghetto* at the COMEDY, *A Moonlight Blossom* at the PRINCE OF WALES's, and Mr. E. A. Morton's new musical comedy at DALY's, *San Joy*; or, *The Emperor's Own*, we must wait till next month; while Mr. Hall Caine's drama, based on his novel, *The Christian*, at the DUKE OF YORK's, which will be new to this country, and Mr. Sydney Grundy's adaptation of *La Tulipe Noire*, at the HAYMARKET, will not be due till the latter days of October. As to the suburban houses, which are tolerably busy even in the dog days, they depend on the patronage of the suburban playgoer, who, as everyone knows, is a far more robust and heat-resisting personage than his brother of the West End.

It is announced that in Mr. Sydney Grundy's new satirical play, entitled *The Degenerate*, with which Mrs. Langtry will commence her season of management at the HAYMARKET on the 31st inst., an important part will be played by the author's daughter, who has not, if we are not mistaken, yet made her appearance on the public stage. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, it will be remembered, has two daughters who are acting in their father's comedies as members of important travelling companies. The new fashion will probably spread—at least among dramatists who have clever daughter.

Mr. George Broadhurst, who re-opens the STRAND on Monday, September 4, will still rely on the attractions of American farces. *The Last Chapter*, which will be produced at that date, is a piece of this kind. On the other hand, the company will be found to be largely reinforced by English performers. Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. John Beauchamp, Mr. Philip Cunningham, Miss May Whitty, Miss Jessie Bateman, and several others will appear in the cast.

Mr. Mouffet's new RICHMOND Theatre, which—like its historical predecessor—stands on Richmond Green, will be formally opened next month, when Mr. Ben Greet's company will appear in *As You Like It*. Miss Dorothy Baird—the charming impersonator of Trilby—will be the Rosalind of the cast.

Mr. Charles Morton, of the PALACE Theatre, who has certainly done more to raise the dignity and status of our variety theatres than any other living manager, has attained this week his eightieth birthday—happily, with no diminution of his managerial energy and fertility in ideas. It is proposed to celebrate the event by a special performance at the PALACE Theatre on the 21st of next month.

Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, which there was once a chance of seeing at the LYCEUM, is to be performed by Mr. F. R. Benson's company on the 21st inst. in the grounds of Flint Castle. This *al fresco* representation, however, will not embrace the entire play, but only the more important scenes. The performance is in celebration of the Quincentenary of the surrender of the unfortunate King to "the great Duke Bolingbroke," which event took place on August 21st, 1399.



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## "THE VIRGINS OF THE ROCKS"

"With these mortal eyes I beheld within a brief space of time three peerless souls unfold and blossom, and then wither away and perish one by one; the most beautiful, most passionate, and most miserable souls ever embodied in the latest descendants of a haughty race." Thus opens "Le Vergini delle Rocche" of Gabriele D'Annunzio, rendered into English, under the title of "The Virgins of the Rocks" (William Heinemann), by his faithful translator, Agatha Hughes. These three young ladies, Massimilla, Violante, and Anatolia, appealed respectively to the soul, to the senses, and to the scientific faddism of a certain Claudio Cantelmo; to the last-named element especially, for he was great on the subject of judiciously selected parentage. But he was certainly in love with all three at once, especially when the sisters were in his company together. Unfortunately a taint of madness in their family prevented marriage with any one of them, even supposing that he could ever have been satisfied with fewer than all three. So Claudio goes away, leaving them very much as he found them—apparently neither the better nor the worse for his lectures on Socrates as presented in Plato's "Phædo," for his dissertations on Leonardo da Vinci, or for his discussions on theoretical politics with their legitimist father. All these personages belong to the world as seen by D'Annunzio—that is to say, a world which has never had and never will have an existence, and can only be dimly suggested by words selected for their sound rather than for their meaning. It is highly to the credit of Agatha Hughes that her author's sound and fury has evaporated so little in the difficult process of translation into a less naturally bombastic tongue.

## "THADY HALLORAN"

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from a Buddhist monastery a recipe which enables him to restore to the vigour of youth a dying man of ninety-eight years old. With his characteristic blundering, however, the doctor forgets the need of rejuvenating the brain. The result is a raving lunatic, who leaps from the battlements of a Northumbrian castle with the inevitable Asiatic who is pursuing the larcenous Nikola, as he has been pursuing one person or another ever since the days of Wilkie Collins's "Moonstone." The Doctor, moreover, keeps in one of the castle vaults a collection of human or imperfectly human "freaks," who escape in the final confusion, and are presumably still at large in Northumberland. The story ought to suit readers who can take it seriously; down to the ground.



Our illustration, which is from a photograph by W. Peile, Whitehaven, represents the graves of British soldiers killed by the Boers at Blonkhorst-puit in 1880. The central grave is that of Lieutenant-Colonel P. R. Anstruther. After the Jameson raid the Boers broke down the boundary wall and destroyed many of the gravestones.

DILAPIDATED GRAVES OF BRITISH SOLDIERS IN SOUTH AFRICA

Bergen-op-Zoom; and went through more private adventures, chiefly of the fighting sort, than one would have thought it possible to bring together into so small a volume. That the story gallops, we need not say—there is no time allowed even for a moment's trot or canter. Thady is not a bad sketch of the soldier of fortune who loyally drank and fought for whatever cause or country came handiest; he is sympathetic by nationality; and his experiences would well have borne developing more fully.

## "DR. NIKOLA'S EXPERIMENT"

Mr. Guy Boothby's Dr. Nikola, whose "experiment" gives the title to a laudably short novel (Hodder and Stoughton), has stolen

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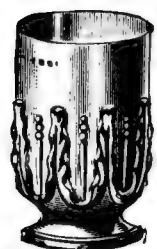
## The Origin of the Yeomen of the Guard

THE Yeomen of the Guard, says *The Golden Penny*, in the course of an excellent illustrated article on this famous corps, though they occupy a secondary place to the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, are nevertheless the more ancient body. In the sumptuous volume called "The Nearest Guard," which is published by the Queen's booksellers, Messrs. Harrison, of Pall Mall, this point is made quite clear. When, in 1485, Henry the Seventh ascended the throne, partisanship had by no means forgotten Bosworth Field and the long struggle that had led up to it. So at the Coronation, Bacon relates that the King, "as if the crown upon his head had put peril into his thoughts, did institute, for the better protection of his person, a band of fifty archers under a captain, to attend upon him, by the name of Yeomen of his Guard; and yet that it might be thought to be rather a matter of dignity, after the manner of what he had known abroad than any matter of diffidence appropriate to his own case, he made it to be understood to be an ordinance, not temporary, but to hold in succession ever after." The formation of this formidable guard

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## Music

## THE MUSICAL FESTIVALS

THREE musical festivals are announced for the present autumn, respectively at Worcester, Norwich, and Sheffield, together with a smaller one-day festival at Cheltenham. None of them, of course, approach the great festivals of Leeds and Birmingham, and indeed the Norwich Festival unfortunately has a programme of so little interest, especially from the point of view of novelties, that it is likely to attract even less attention than usual.

## THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL

The most important of the musical festivals of the present year is the celebration of the Three Choirs, which will be held at Worcester on September 10 and the following days. Here Mr. Ivor Atkins now for the first time officiates as conductor. Mr. Atkins, who is a very young musician, became, nine years ago, assistant-organist at Hereford Cathedral. Three years later he took the post of organist at the Parish Church, Ludlow, and in that year became a Mus.-Bac. of Queen's College, Oxford, his setting of the Psalm "I Will Magnify Thee, O Lord," down to date one of his principal compositions, being written for this occasion. He is likewise the composer of a five-part anthem, "Almighty God Give Us Grace," besides several songs and some examples of Church music. He was appointed organist of Worcester Cathedral in 1897.

The Festival will commence on Sunday afternoon, September 10, with, as usual, a special orchestral service, in which, however, there will be no novelties. The "Old Hundredth" will open the service, after which two Psalms will be sung to the well-known chant in D by Dr. Woodward, the service music being that in A by Dr. Stanford. Both of the anthems, "In Exitu Israel" and "Hear My Prayer," are by Mendelssohn; the sermon will be preached by the Bishop of Truro, and Wagner's "Kaiser Marsch" will close the service. Monday, September 11, will be devoted, as usual, to rehearsals, and on the following morning the Festival will open with *Elijah*. Mr. Lloyd now singing in that oratorio at Worcester Cathedral for the last time, and being associated with Madame Albani, Miss Ada Crossley, and Mr. Andrew Black. The evening of September 12 will see the first novelty of the Festival, *A Harvest Song*, by Mr. Lee Williams, formerly one of the conductors at these Festivals. This work is a Service of Praise to the Almighty for a bountiful harvest. It very largely consists of choruses, chorales, and recitatives, together with a couple of solos for Madame Amy Sherwin and one for Miss Muriel Foster. This will be followed by Cornelius's *Die Vatergruft* for Mr. Plunket Greene and chorus and two parts of Haydn's *Creation*. On Wednesday morning, September 13, a new orchestral piece entitled a *Sacred Rhapsody*, expressly composed for this Festival by Mr. Coleridge Taylor, will be conducted by the composer. It will be followed by Brahms's *German Requiem* and Mr. Elgar's *Lux Christi* and Dvorák's *Te Deum*. In the evening there will be the only Secular Concert of the Festival, when Mr. Elgar's Variations for orchestra produced at the Philharmonic a few weeks ago, will be repeated, and a considerable portion of the programme will be devoted to Wagner.

On Thursday, September 14, the setting of *Hora Novissima*, by the American composer, Horatio Parker, of Yale University, will be produced at the Worcester Festival, and it will be conducted by the composer, who then makes his first appearance in this country. The "Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix on the Celestial Country," has

already been performed in the United States, where it is highly spoken of. The *Hora Novissima*, its curious rhythm being, of course, abandoned by the English adaptor, furnished Dr. Neale with the material for some of his best hymns, among others "Jerusalem the Golden," "For Thee, O dear, dear Country" and "Brief Life is Here our Portion." The work will, unfortunately, be sung to Latin words, although a translation by the composer's gifted mother will be appended. Much of the music seems to have been written under the influence of Mendelssohn. In his choral writing Professor Parker is beyond question at his best. He will be fortunate



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in his soloists, who, besides Madame Albani, include Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Plunket Greene. A miscellaneous programme will follow, and the evening will likewise be devoted to miscellaneous works, including Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens," Bach's "God's Time is the Best Time," and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," the Festival closing on the morning of the 15th with the *Messiah* and a choral service in the evening.

## THE NORWICH FESTIVAL

The Norwich Festival, which will take place on October 3 to 6, is unfortunately of comparatively less interest. Indeed almost all of the works in the programme have already been heard, either in London or at some other festivals, although they may, of course, be new to Norwich. Mr. Randegger will conduct, and the festival will commence on Tuesday evening, October 3, with Berlioz's *Faust*. On the following morning Verdi's sacred works, Dvorák's "Biblical Songs," and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," are promised, while in the evening we are to hear Dr. Saint-Saëns' *Samson and Delilah*. On Thursday morning, October 5, we are promised Perosi's *Passion of Christ*, the first work of the series, and by no means the strongest of the set. The only other novelties will be heard on the same day, namely, Mr. Elgar's songs, to be sung by Miss Butt and an orchestral suite upon *The Four Seasons*, by Mr. German. Mr. Cowen's *Ode to the Passions*, and Sir Hubert Parry's "A Song of Darkness and Light," which has already been heard elsewhere, will likewise be in the programme. The festival will close on October 6, with the *Messiah*, and Mr. Coleridge Taylor's *Hiawatha's Wedding Feast*. The principal vocalists engaged are Madame Albani, Miss Wood, Miss Clara Butt, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Bispham, and Mr. Andrew Black.

## THE SHEFFIELD FESTIVAL

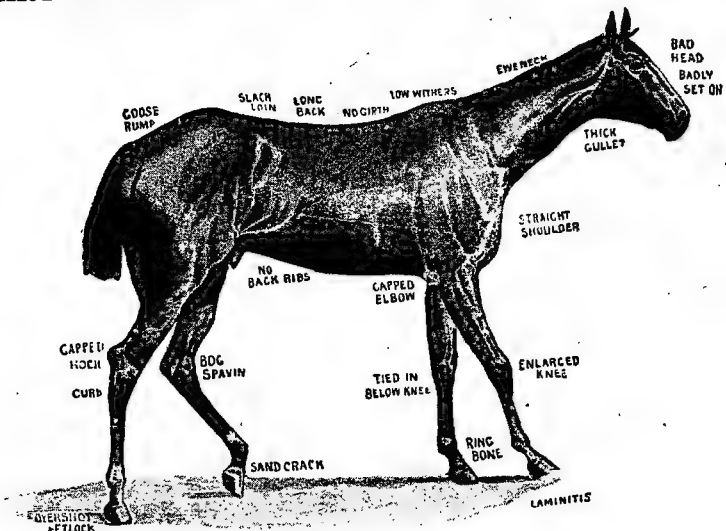
A shorter festival will be held at Sheffield on October 11 to 13. Here no novelties will be attempted, and the programmes will be devoted to *Messiah*, Elgar's *King Olaf*, Saint-Saëns' *Samson and Delilah*, Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, Beethoven's *Choral Symphony*, Parry's *King Saul*, and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." The principal artists will be Mesdames Ella Russell, Estey, Butt, Brema, and King; Messrs. Lloyd, Ben Davies, Black, Plunket Greene, and Bispham. There will also be in November a one-day festival at Cheltenham.

The well-known guides to "Zermatt and the Matterhorn," and to "Chamonix and Mont Blanc" (John Murray), by Edward Whymper, are issued in new editions. These guides contain numbers of illustrations and good maps, and the name of the author is a guarantee that the information given is accurate. The volumes have been brought well up to date, and are as complete guides to the respective districts as could be wished for.—We have also received the Midland Railway Company's Illustrated Guide and list of furnished lodgings; the London and South-Western Railway Company's Illustrated Guide and official list of hotels, boarding-houses, and apartments; the Great Eastern Company's Illustrated Guide to their improved Continental service and three illustrated pamphlets, written by Mr. Percy Lindley, and issued by the same Company—one entitled "Holidays in the Old Flemish Cities and the Ardennes," another "A Channel Fleet," dealing with the service of steamers on the Royal Mail Harwich route, and a third, "Holidays on the Continent" by the same route.

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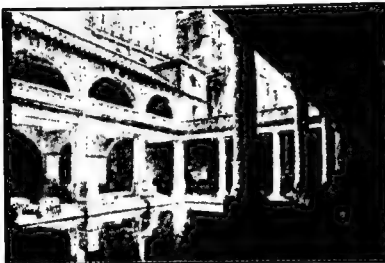
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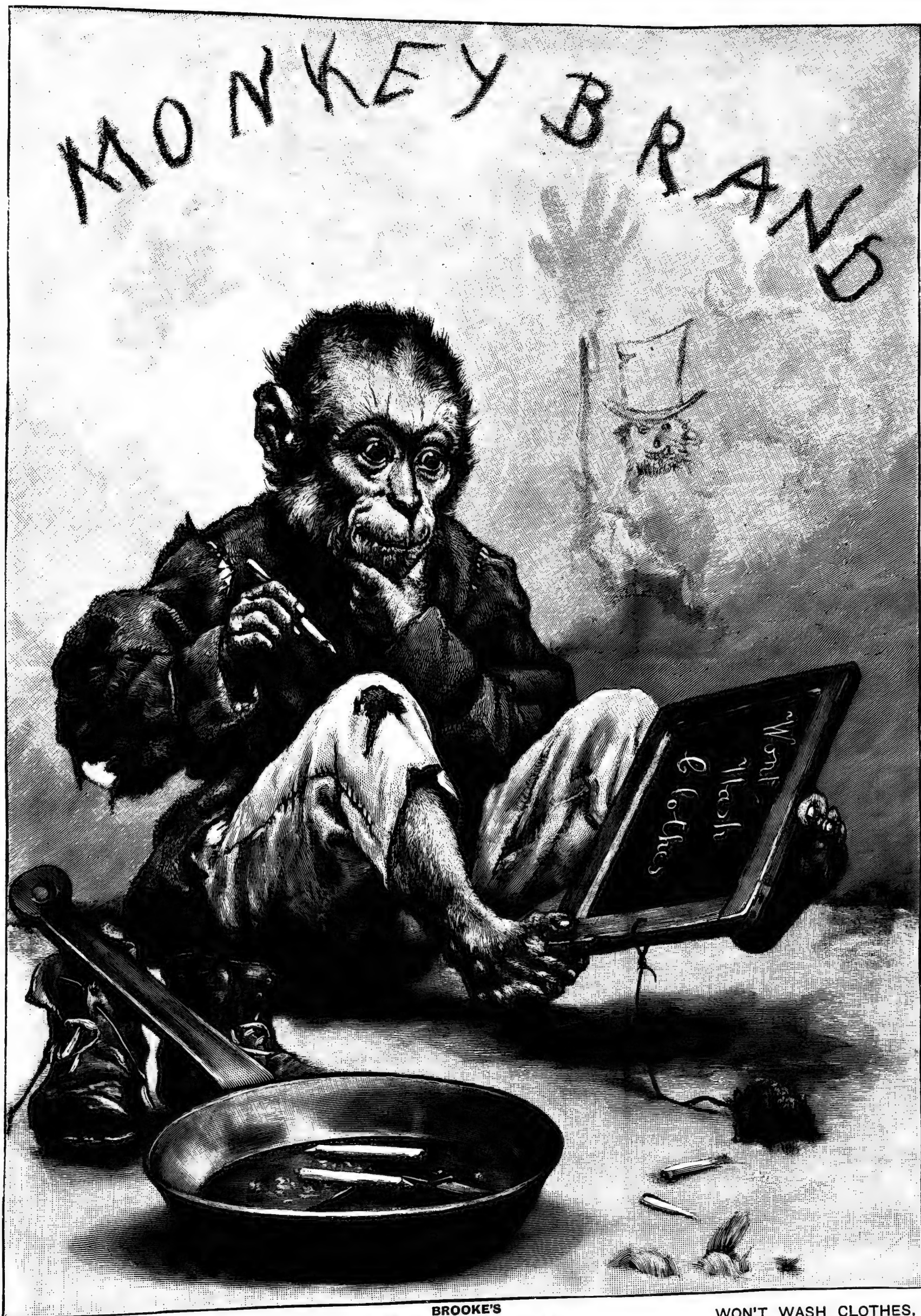
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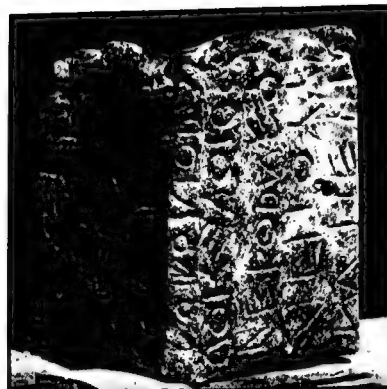
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### DISCOVERIES IN THE ROMAN FORUM: RELICS FROM THE SUPPOSED "TOMB OF ROMULUS"

#### Recent Discoveries in the Roman Forum

ARCHAEOLOGISTS and historians might well have doubted whether there could be any further prospect of discoveries of great importance to be made in the Roman Forum. But the scientific and intelligent use of the spade works wonders, and Signor Bacelli, the Italian Minister of Public Instruction, has again brought the spade into play on the Forum with results which have astonished even those who believed that the imperfectly explored portions of the site would yield interesting secrets. That the tomb of Romulus himself, the founder of the Eternal City, would be one of the discoveries seems incredible; but it is certain that in the pavement of black marble uncovered near the arch of Septimus Severus the excavations have laid bare the *Lapis Niger*—black stone—which was venerated by generation after generation of Romans as the place where Romulus was buried.

The "Black Stone" is referred to by Varro, who wrote in the

century before Christ, and by Festus, three centuries after, who says of it:—

*Niger Lapis in Comitio locum funestum  
Significat ut alii Romuli mortis destinatum.*

The Comitium was an open lobby of the Roman Senate, and the Senate House itself, or Curia, was where the church of St. Adriano now stands, part of its walls being built into those of the church. There, then, in the place pointed out by the old historians and topographers, Signor Bacelli found the sacred site. The *Lapis Niger* is a pavement of thick black marble slabs, and is about 9 ft. square, partly enclosed by a low wall of upright Travertine slabs fixed in a stone socket or trough—proof of the care with which it was guarded.

Some of the archaeologists claim that the *Lapis Niger* marked the spot where Curtius leapt into the gulf, and controversy, of course, rages around the question. However it may be settled—if it is ever settled—the important discovery of a mutilated stele beneath the *Lapis Niger* marks the place as one of great sanctity. The stele is inscribed with archaic Latin characters forming words so strange that the

assertion of the later Romans of the Empire that the ancient Roman tongue could not then be understood receives absolute confirmation.

The inscription, so far as it can be deciphered and conjecturally restored, seems to designate the spot as a peculiarly sacred sacrificial locality, and this is borne out by the objects found near the stele, small votive statuettes, vases, and objects in bronze, iron, and marble. We reproduce, from photographs, some of these objects, the most ancient relics which have as yet been discovered in Rome.

THE ZEBRAS SENT TO THE QUEEN by Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, a photograph of which appeared in last week's *Graphic*, have now arrived safely, and prove to be a very fine pair of animals. They belong to the Grévy species—so-called because the first of their kind brought to Europe was presented to the late President of the French Republic, M. Jules Grévy. The zebras are to stay for the present at the Zoo, where they will attract great interest, being the only specimens of their particular kind in England. They are both in capital health, although the male was very ill when coming through the Red Sea.

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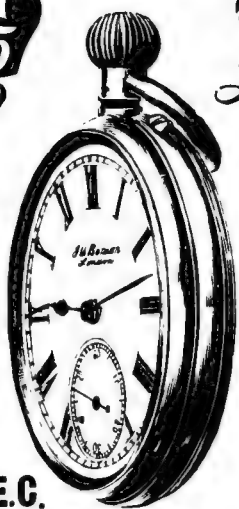
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## THE GRAPHIC

## Rural Notes

## THE HARVEST AND THE HOLIDAYS

THE merry clicking of the mechanical harvesters is on every side audible in the Home Counties, in East Anglia, and as far north as Yorkshire. It is full harvest. In the West the soothing swish of the scythe is still a frequent sound, but the scarcity of labour has caused a great run on machinery this August, and there are farmers caused a great run on machinery who never used it before. The using machinery on small holdings who never used it before. The only drawback we hear of is the refusal of the men in charge of the machines to work on the Bank Holiday, neither are they fit to run them for a day or two after. The rural labourer pure and simple has never cared for the Bank Holiday, or heeded it, but the "skilled hand," acquainted with towns, regards it as his most precious privilege, and various agricultural operations dependent on skill are interrupted accordingly. It would be better in many respects to keep the quarter days as holidays instead of Sir John Lubbock's arrangement, with its interval of only six weeks in one case and of twenty-one weeks in another. The quarterly dates, on the other hand, are equidistant, and none of them fall in full harvest.

## THE NEW CROPS

The new rye is of good quality and a very "healthy" sample, free from rigot or other fungus and fit, by reason of its dryness, for immediate use. We might well vary our wheat bread diet with a little rye now and then. Once a week, like fish on Friday, it would be an excellent alternative. At a guinea for 480 lb. weight rye is a cheap as well as a nutritive food. The new wheat is of fairly good natural weight, but the heavy samples of last year do not recur. The price paid thus far has been 28s. for fine white at Canterbury, Reading and Guildford, 26s. for good red at Mark Lane, Norwich and Cambridge, and 25s. 6d. for ordinary red at Mark Lane and Chelmsford. These prices are exceedingly

moderate, and with the American crop fully twenty million quarters smaller than last year we advise all English farmers "to hold the harvest." Some new white Tartary oats were sold at Mark Lane on Monday for 16s., but they only weighed 3½ lb. to the bushel. New winter oats weighing 42 lb. fetched 17s. 3d. per quarter. No new barley is yet to be seen. New English rape seed makes 50s. per quarter, and fine new sainfoin is in request at the very fair price of 70s. for the load.

## THE SESSION AND THE COUNTRY

Using the term "country" in its restricted sense, the measures which have been of interest to the rural interest, and which the Session has passed into law, are (1) The Sale of Food and Drugs Act; (2) The Improvement of Land Act; and (3) The Land Tax Commissioners' Act. But the failures of the Session, unhappily, are far more numerous, for the Bills abandoned were (1) The Adulteration of Food Products Bill; (2) The Agricultural Holdings Bill; (3) The Crofters' Holdings Bill; (4) The Floods Prevention Bill; (5) The Highways and Bridges Bill; (6) The Land Charges and Land Dedication Bill; (7) The Pollution of Rivers (Prevention) Bill; (8) The Wild Birds and Undersized Fish Preservation Bill; and (9) The Vagrants' Children's Bill. It is clear that to attempt to drive twelve agricultural and rural Bills through in one Session was a vain idea, and the squire, farmer and labourer should unite between now and next January to put forward a feasible rural programme for 1900. To agree on six needed measures, and to vote against the Government unless they are enacted would be a sound policy, but to promote twelve measures and then grumble that only three become law is neither statesmanlike nor intelligent.

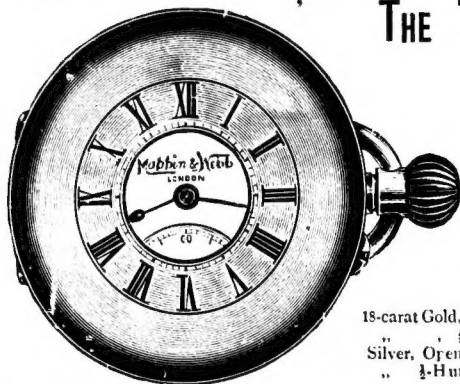
## THE LATEST RABBIT CASE

The Ground Game Act was passed in 1880, and yet it was not till last week that the Law Courts were troubled to give a final decision on the most important point raised by that statute! The

conclusion which we would like to draw is that neither squire nor farmer is as litigious as some people delight to suppose. But the final round has been fought out, as perhaps might have been expected, between the farmer and the assignee of shooting rights over the farm. Such assignments are usually resented by farmers, and are the cause of much bad blood. They are certainly out of accord with country tradition, and have the effect of reducing the landowner to the level of a mere exploiter of the estate. At the same time the unfortunate hirer of "exclusive sporting rights of every description" is rather to be commiserated when he finds the local farmer not content with shooting rabbits as a brother sportsman, but trapping them for the deliberate purpose of extermination. The law has now definitely decided that the farmer can do this, and the man who hires a shooting will now have to be more than ever on his guard. The rabbit itself will tend to become more and more the product of Ostend.

## DEATH IN THE HAYRICK

The tramp that haunts the rickyards is such an unmitigated pest with his foul habits and his frequent incendiarism that the farmer will be glad to hear how the rick can sometimes defend itself. Among the chemical changes which take place in the corn or hay stack is the giving off of carbonic acid gas. This gas is good for vegetation, which is all that there should be in the vicinity of the stack. A man died the other day at Stapleford, a village in Notts, from the fumes of the carbonic acid, a *post-mortem* examination showing clearly that suffocation by this gas had released the neighbourhood from the curse of supporting a healthy skulker. It is remarked by the *Farmer* that the country limekiln is even more useful in this way, as the warmth attracts the English *kobo*, and the carbonic oxide is fatal to a greater degree than the more oxygenised gas given off by the haystack. Meanwhile we would like to know how long the ratepayers are to support the tens of thousands of able-bodied ruffians now travelling stolidly from union to union, till they become legally entitled to old-age pensions?



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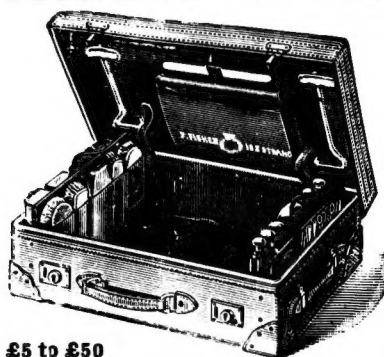
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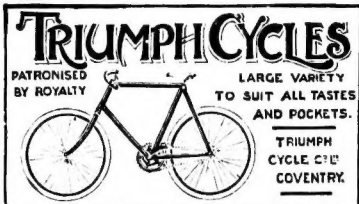
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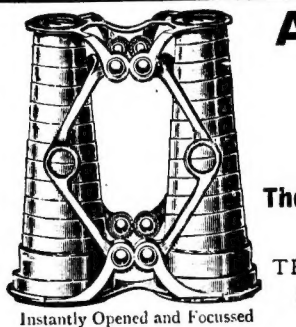
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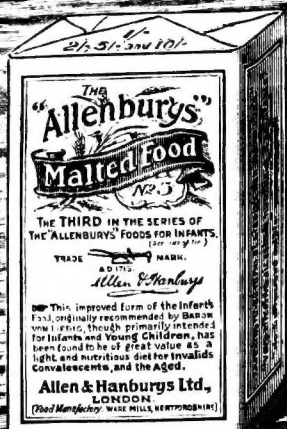
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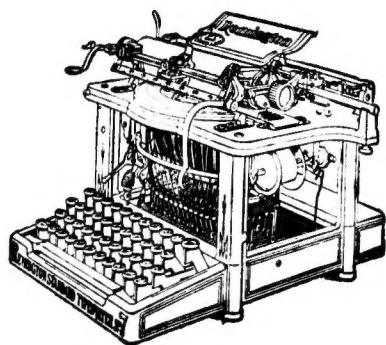


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